497796|B

Candid Animadverſions

ON

Dr. LEE's NARRATIVE

OF A

Singular GOUTY CASE, &c.

Candid Animadverſions

ON

Dr. LEE's NARRATIVE

OF A

SINGULAR GOUTY CASE.

To which are prefixed,

STRICTURES

ON

Royal MEDICAL COLLEGES:

LIKEWISE,

A SUMMARY OPINION

OF THE

LATE DISORDER,

CALLED THE

INFLUENZA.

By WILLIAM STEVENSON, M. D.

Neque enim ullâ aliâ re homines proprius ad Deos accedunt, quam ſalutem hominibus dando.

CICERO.

NEWARK:

PRINTED BY J. TOMLINSON, FOR THE AUTHOR;

And to be had of the Country Bookſellers: likewiſe at J. FIELDING's Paternoſter-row; C. DILLY's, Poultry; and R. CRUTTWELL's, BATH.

M DCC LXXXII.

Preparing for the PRESS,

A LETTER

TO

Mr. JOHN ROCKE;

APOTHECARY,

In WELLS,

SOMERSET.

TO

All who are *not* MEMBERS

OF THE

Royal College of PHYSICIANS;

ACTING

From a native Dignity of

Principle, Sentiment, and Independence;

FROM THE

Liberal Exercise of their

UNDERSTANDING;

And the chaste DISINTERESTEDNESS of

MOTIVE:

The following REMARKS

Are respectfully Inscribed,

And with much sincere Affection,

By their medical

BROTHER and FRIEND,

The AUTHOR.

AN

INTRODUCTION.

AS I but value life, or wiſh for it, to leave memorials behind me, when I die, that I at leaſt endeavoured to be uſeful in my day and ſphere, anxious for the beſt intereſts of mankind (as apprehended by me) independent of *all* human ſyſtems and ſtandards (which have no authority, and ſhould have as little influence) I ſhall, every inviting occaſion, animadvert on falſe doctrines, and miſtaken opinions, advanced from the preſs; eſpecially in my own profeſſion. It ſhall be done with urbanity, and with as much gentleneſs as caſes may admit of. But every writer muſt write like himſelf: I ſhall, it is hoped, be allowed to write in my *own way*. Should it not be that of *another*, it cannot, ſurely, be imputed to me as a fault. That other may be ſuperior to mine, in excellence of matter, arrangement, and diction; but cannot, I am bold to ſay, in diſintereſtedneſs of principle, or ſincere intention of doing good.

There

There are many things taken for granted in Dr. Lee's "Narrative of a ſingular gouty Caſe," which from their plauſibility, and faſhionable acceptance among medical men, are not calculated to advance the ſcience of healing; but rather to bind faſter the tackle and harneſs of the yoke in which it draws. As the author, whom I reſpect, is now only a *candidate* for extenſive practice, I would wiſh him to ſtand upon his *own* legs, chuſe new ground, and explore every inch before him, with patient eye, ſo as to aſcertain *whither* it leads: and not mount the ſtilts of his predeceſſors, or thoſe of any living authority, either ſingle or incorporated, hopping from one beaten track to another.

If incipent practitioners, in wide circles, do not ſet forward in paths of reformation, which muſt always be—*new ground*—or reformation will never happen, to do the human character honour, and illuſtrate the great leading data of the healing art. An angel from Heaven, with a medical degree in his hand, would fail to put a grey-headed practiſing veteran *out of his way:* his pen moves in the ſame uniformity of preſcribing, as his hands open to graſp the offered fee. And while the *golden tribute* continues to pour into the coffers of profeſſional

ſuperſtition,

ſuperſtition, bigotry and dotage, as faſt as (I might have ſaid faſter than) into thoſe of liberal quiry, mental illumination, and diſintereſted philanthropy, people will continue to *pay*, in the unaccountable credulity of faſhion, for having their conſtitutions injured, and their lives ſhortened, by the embarraſſed, random, prepoſterous, unabaſhed adminiſtration of drugs. Indeed the golden head of royalty tempts *every* learned profeſſion to be what it is: imperfect, indigeſted, corrupt, ſelfiſh, and, in many inſtances, doing harm rather than good.

Dr. Lee evidently looks to his *right hand man*, as he moves in the paths of medicine: though this obliquity of viſion, ſuits the diſcipline and uſe of tactics very well; yet the eye of ſcience ſhould ever be looking *forward*, regardleſs of the road-boards on each hand, directing to this and the other place to *ſtop* at.—What I mean is, that Dr. Lee appeals to a *ſtandard*, a *human* ſtandard, no better than himſelf. While he does ſo, he never can be eminently uſeful, but muſt take his *chance* of being ſo, or *not*, with thouſands of his brethren, who ſeldom *think* after they have left a *college*, excepting *how* patients are to be procured, and the *king's head* thrown into their pockets. The

Royal College of Phyſicians at London, ſeems to have ſeduced Dr. Lee to *vacate himſelf*, if I may uſe the term. The college is the *plenum*, and he the *vacuum*. In ſuch an exhauſted receiver, medical feathers will gravitate towards the centre, with the ſolidity of medical bullion.

Hence, I have prefixed to the conſideration of Dr. Lee's pamphlet, Strictures on THE ROYAL COLLEGE. I know very few of the members; nor have I any thing within my breaſt, but ſentiments of kindneſs and benevolence for them *all*, in a perſonal ſenſe, or as *private* individuals. As ſuch, I would reſpect and eſteem every man, in proportion to his worth, and diſintereſted uſefulneſs; but—no farther. As an *artificial body*, an *engine of regal charter right*, when matters of ſuch high concern tremble on the deciſion of a moment, as thoſe of living or dying, I have no veneration for any college; and I would do all in my power, to withdraw the veneration of mankind from ſuch colleges.

Nothing ſhould ſeem more convincely to prove the ſandy foundation of ſcience on which the royal college of phyſicians ſtands, than their printed application to the phyſicians of Great-Britain and Ireland, for information regarding the

the type of what is called the *Influenza*, its peculiarity of ſymptoms, methods of cure, &c. in their reſpective diſtricts. The *Influenza*, or, as a learned gentleman* has termed it, "*epidemic catarrhal fever*," which appears to have been a general European indiſpoſition, was, and is, the ſimpleſt and moſt intelligible of all diſorders. A *remarkable year of weather*, flitting ſuddenly from the oppoſite extremes of hot and cold, moiſt and dry (that may not, perhaps, occur again for a century to come) interrupted the regular ſecretions of the animal œconomy, which is never but attended with indiſpoſition: this (which, unavoidably, muſt have had its *varieties* according to age, ſex, manner of living, &c.) conſtituted *the epidemic*, called INFLUENZA.

The effects of theſe diſturbed ſecretions appearing in a variety of forms, or ſymptoms, made no difference in the *nature* of the diſorder, or in the *rational* manner of treating it. It only differed in degrees of violence, according to the pre-diſpoſing cauſes of aggravation it met with in a diverſity of conſtitutions; or more properly, according to the kind of diſorders perſons had been ſubject to, before its acceſſory attack.

People

* Dr. Falconer, of Bath.

People ſubject to the gout, had it differently from the nervous, as theſe form two oppoſite conſtitutions, being never intermutable with each other, though compriſing half the genteel world; and people ſubject to ſcorbutic eruptions, differently from thoſe who were hecticly, or conſumptively diſpoſed; which are likewiſe conſtitutions oppoſed to each other, the firſt attacking the ſurface, the laſt the internal parts, and never to any extent exiſting at the ſame time.

Patients of coſtive habits, felt the effects of the *Influenza* in a manner quite unlike thoſe of irritable bowels; and thoſe who drank generouſly, did not ſuffer by it in the ſame way with the rigidly abſtemious. The former, indeed, as far as my obſervation extended, were rare examples of its ſeverity, or duration.

Thus it appears, that the attack and cure of this *royal college* object of enquiry, depended entirely on the ASSIMILATING power of the conſtitution, or the predominant habit of body, influenced or acted upon by it; and could not be owing to any *infectious* quality of the atmoſphere, as a learned writer on a ſimple ſubject alledges,

alledges, but without that detail of proof which was neceſſary.*

Phyſicians are ſtrangely prone to impute diſorders, becauſe they are endemic or pretty general, to atmoſpherical miaſmita or infection. They do ſo from miſapprehending the ſimpleſt principles. Miaſmital influence, or infection from the air, forms a kind of *medical myſtery*, which, like church myſteries, muſt not be peeped into. They are alike the hieroglyphics of a profeſſion, which muſt be believed, *becauſe* they are unintelligible. Darkneſs ſhould be accounted light, and nonſenſe a proof of good underſtanding, for the ſame reaſon.—I have no buſineſs here but with the *former* myſtery.

If the perſpiratory emunctories, or exhalents, perform their duty, thoſe of the inhalent

* Dr. Falconer, of Bath. How can this gentleman improve in ſcience, or ſucceſsful practice, who is conſtantly over-ruling himſelf by authorities? In his publication on the *Influenza*, as if he thought himſelf no more than a profeſſional *child*, he puts leading-ſtrings into the following hands (a ſort of *male dry nurſes* in phyſic) and ſuffers them to *lead* him about: viz. *Cullen* (I follow the order of his notes) *Huxham*, *Hoffman*, *Sydenham*, *Morgagule*, *Hippocrates*, *Van Switen*, *Sanctorius*, and the *medical eſſayers* of Edinburgh. This ſhows *reading*, but not *reflection*. What have

lent kind can have no power: it is a ſolicifm, that two *contrary* operations ſhould be carried on *together*, on the ſurface of the body, or by the cuticular pores! A tide might as well make and ebb, or a river run onward and back, at the ſame time. Anatomiſts and phyſiologiſts, I am certain, are miſtaken in this matter, and thro' them, the whole body of medical men.

The abſorbents become inſorbents, according as certain extra cauſes act. Neither of them are *cauſes:* they are *effects* both: one and the ſame ſeries of veſſels performing imbibition and exhalation. Does the arterial blood go forward from the heart, and return to it, at the ſame time? No. It might, however, as well as

have we to do with theſe fathers in medicine, as ſtandards of medical faith, any more than that man has, who conſults his Bible, and practiſes its precepts, with the *doating* fathers in divinity? Authorities at the bottom of a *theſis* do very well, as by them the profeſſors ſee that the candidate is well acquainted with books, and has made a good uſe of his time; but ſhould ceaſe to be brought forward when a man has a fund of his own to bear him up, and to appeal to. If he have not this fund, a thouſand *written* authorities (except written by *patients*) cannot prove him either a juſt reaſoner, or a ſafe practitioner. Truth, whether medical or theologic, leans upon no authority but *its own*; and, what is not truth, cannot be ſupported by *any* authority.—If people are to depend on the *thoughts* of an hundred or a thouſand

as two currents ſet *in* and *out* from and to the ſkin. The ſame ſervice cannot be done in two contrary ways at one time. Action and reaction never can happen together.

Why do perſons, in a profuſe perſpiration, never catch cold, while it keeps up? Becauſe there is no ſuch thing during the time as abſorption. Why, when it ceaſes, are the *ſame* perſons particularly apt to catch cold? Becauſe the exhalents become the inhalents; or, in other words, becauſe action and reaction are tantamount

thouſand years ago, why is it they have the *powers* to think? If writers look ſcientificly backward, and not forward, why were their births delayed to a late age? In ſuch a line of ratiocinative going back, they may be ſaid not to be themſelves, but thoſe who lived *before* them. There is meaning in the ſoliciſm. For what purpoſe has Dr. Falconer, or Dr. any one, been born twenty centuries poſterior to Hippocrates, if he lives and dies no more than Hippocrates in knowledge? *He* was a good phyſician in the infancy of phyſic; but phyſic ſhould now be an adult, and in its prime and vigour: otherwiſe (alas!) two thouſand years have been loſt, or gone back on the dial, while ſuch doctors only ſerve as *ſhadows* to mark the retrogradation.

I never ſee a quotational parade of authorities, but I ſet the exhibitors down in my mind, as having little to ſay for themſelves. Retailing the opinions of others, is not *adding* to knowledge, nor making readers wiſer than when they read the originals. A pool of water reflects the Heavens: but

tamount to each other, and conſtitute a conſtant pervading law of nature. Why is it that people, who either drink generouſly, or uſe conſiderable exerciſe, ſeldom or never catch cold? Becauſe perſpiration, by the pores of the ſkin, is uniformly ſupported, and inſpiration by the ſame pores *cannot* take place. For what reaſon are ſedentary perſons, and the uncommonly abſtemious, uncommonly liable to catch cold, on the ſlighteſt expoſure to the external air? For this, that the exfluent conſtitutional tendency is more or leſs ſtopt, and the refluent in the ſame

but who would think of looking *downward* for the glorious expanſe? A man of Dr. Falconer's learning and ſpeculative turn, would he throw away the leading-ſtrings of *antiquity*, and deem himſelf *profeſſionally come of age*, might do much as a workman in the mines of thought, and a nice diſcriminator in the wide field of ſpeculation. But they muſt be his *own* mines, where he ſhall work without hire; and the field, that of unbounded *nature*, not a favourite *author's* paddock, or incloſure.—It is to be lamented that, from the firſt to the laſt page of this gentleman's performance (I muſt have the liberty to ſay) the eye meets not one *new* ray of information thrown upon the opaque of phyſic, the dark and troubled atmoſphere of medical practice: an atmoſphere without even a *bow* ſuſpended in it, ſignifying that the world ſhall not be what it was, when all human underſtanding lay concealed and locked up in an ark. Alas! while divines only *echo* the opinions of divines; lawyers of lawyers; and phyſicians of phyſicians: the advance of knowledge and reformation will be reſtricted to a *nut-ſhell*, inſtead of an *ark*.

Phyſicians,

ſame proportion takes its place. How can it be accounted for that the labouring poor, notwithſtanding they are ſecluded from moſt of the comforts and invigorations of life (if we except eating heartily, and ſleeping ſoundly) *never* catch cold? Eaſily thus; that the daily exertion of their joints and muſcles, keeps up the general circulation; therefore, puſhes forward all the ſecretions, particularly, that, inſenſibly, by the ſkin, which prevents the inhalation of any thing externally hurtful that may ſurround them.

Catching cold (a term in *every body's* mouth, and rightly underſtood by *nobody*) is the action of the air, and its ſuſpended vapours, on the pores of the ſkin: theſe ceaſing to be exhalents, by errors of the *individual*, and becoming

c inhalents,

Phyſicians, lawyers, and divines, ſhould be wholeſale dealers in their reſpective profeſſions, and not huckſters or pedlars, dealing in ſmall ware.—When I exclude ſtandards and authorities, I have a reſervation in my mind regarding *one*, and one *only*, that is, REVELATION, when allowed to ſpeak for itſelf; taken out of the SPOILING hands of prieſts, and received as *divine*, without acts of parliament in its favour.—When I mention prieſts and acts of parliament, I would be underſtood to mean *local* characters and powers, acting for the good of a *few*, to the excluſion of the *many*. (I ſpeak as a Chriſtian philoſopher, and coſmopolitan.) The ſentiment of being ſo, ſupports prieſthoods in luxury and grandeur,

not

inhalents, the tide of excretory humours or effluvia, in an *acrid ſtate* (which all ſuch, being excrementitious and contageous muſt be) flowing upon the interior ſyſtem, realizes that every where *termed*, but nowhere properly *underſtood* complaint, *catching cold*.

The foregoing queries and anſwers, I will be bold to ſay, form a fortreſs of common ſenſe, impregnable to the mightieſt armies and efforts of common-place opinions. But alas! to quit military alluſion, lectures in philoſophy may be as well read to aſanine ears, and Chriſtianity preached to thoſe of an adder, as for the ſtrongeſt and cleareſt reaſoning, to overcome *intereſt* and *prejudice* in alliance.—To reſume the conſideration of the *Influenza*, which gave occaſion to theſe digreſſive reflections.

This

not only on this ſide the Britiſh channel, but the other, including Germany, France, Spain, &c. If Chriſtianity ſubmits to human regulations, it is no longer Chriſtianity, but the POLITICS of a party. It was meant to regulate the world, not to be regulated by it. Chriſtianity and the world are weights in oppoſite ſcales: if one weigh heavy, the other muſt of courſe weigh light. In like manner, the art of healing, and that of making a fortune, occupy adverſe ſides of the balance: the deſcending of the one muſt ever be the aſcending of the other. Happy, thrice happy and more, are thoſe who have health, *without* a royal college of phyſicians, and ſalvation, *without* a bench of biſhops.

This reigning diſorder, the nature of which ſeems to be ſuch a *deſiderandum* to the royal college of phyſicians, I am confidently of opinion, was not owing to *infection*, but mechanical ſudden changes of the weather, to which we did not adapt our mode of living; ſo that *ourſelves* were the infecting cauſe, and not the *air*. Not adapting our modes of living to *ſecond cauſes*, and their ever eventful viciſſitudes, is the immediate cauſe, of *all* what are named epidemical diſeaſes: *nodum in ſcirpo quæris*, is applicable to moſt phyſicians, as well as divines.

I had many patients in this diſorder; but ſoon recovered them, merely by ſupporting the conſtitution to do for itſelf, and keeping bliſters open. Thoſe in this place, who followed a a contrary method, with blood-letting cruelly ſuperadded, loſt not a few of theirs. My method was ſimply to promote the exfluent puſh or flow of the ſecretional juices, which ſhortly counteracted the recurrent, that is, *cured the Influenza*. Bliſters, with generous *drinks* were my uſual agents in this buſineſs. Dr. Falconer has an unworthy opinion of the former. Bliſters, inſtead of increaſing the general irritability, check by locating it, or, in other words, by confining irritation to a particular ſpot. If the

rays

rays of the ſun are conveyed to a particular point, they will not *diverge*. The common practice groſſly miſtakes the operation and utility of bliſters, as many other medical cauſes and effects are ſyſtematically miſtaken.

It was remarkable, and merits record, that thoſe who had perpetual bliſters rnnning (I recommend them almoſt to all, at particular times of life, eſpecially *females)* were not attacked by the *Influenza*, at leaſt in a manner not particularly worth notice, if they ſupported their operation by a more generous ſyſtem of living, which all do who have them applied by my directions. The writer kept free of this diſorder, though he was conſtantly breathing Dr. Falconer's *infected atmoſphere*, and attended a conſiderable number of *infected patients*. This I imputed to two cauſes. Firſt, that I am not abſtemious in *drink*, but extremely ſo in *eating*. This reverſed method of living has given me uncommon health for a courſe of years; and it is what I uniformly recommend to thoſe patients who have ſtrength of mind enough to be *ſingular*. The former is *Saul*, ſcarcely killing his thouſands; the latter *David*, more than killing his ten thouſands every year.*

* No reader will underſtand me here, in being pointed

on

Second, about ſix weeks before the appearance of the *Influenza* here, I had undergone a courſe of bliſtering for a triennial return of an expiring gout (that is, a gout, every viſit growing leſs and leſs violent) which, as on former occaſions, conquered it in a ſhort time.—Theſe two concurrent cauſes kept me free from the *Influenza*, as indeed they do from every other complaint. On the whole, I am certain,

Dr. Reynold's addreſs for general information regarding the nature, ſymptoms and cure of the late *Influenza*, from the phyſicians of Great-Britain and Ireland, will, in the numerous anſwers to be expected, complicate and embarraſs the ſubject. The variations of the *Influenza* in *one* place, were, I am convinced, its variations in *every* place. Theſe muſt have depended

on the article of *drinking*, that I recommend it in the common acceptation of the word, which, always amounts to a *vicious habit*. No! I am as great an enemy to intoxication as any the ſtricteſt moraliſt whatever; ſeeing for the time it laſts, the act is *felling* our underſtandings, or intellects, for as much liquor as we may have ſwallowed to be made drunk.—I mean, in general, that moſt people *overdo* in eating, and *underdo* it in drinking. Articles of eating, according to their richneſs, require the ſtrongeſt digeſtive powers to break down and aſſimilate them: thoſe of drinking require none, but immediately paſs off by all the excre-

tory

depended—not on peculiarities of place, ſituation, or quality of the air—but on the pre-exiſting circumſtances of every patient's conſtitution attacked with it, co-operating with what may have been his uſual modes of living.

I had ſeveral epiſtolary patients at a diſtance (ſome in London) who all in a ſhort time recovered, by the ſame treatment of the diſorder which ſucceeded with me in Newark. I wiſh phyſicians would be no longer infected with the theory of atmoſpheric infection. It only infects the *medical pen*, and proves ſuch writers have not any thing better to ſay of the diſorder.—That the air is moiſt and dry, hot and cold, in a variety of degrees, and thus acts upon the humanbody, is certain: but, ſurely, to call this—

infection

tory channels. This is a circumſtance of recommendation, in favour of the laſt, which cannot but convince the moſt ordinary reader.—With reſpect to a liberal uſe of good liquors in medical practice, there is a miſtake which pervades the whole circle of it. Keeping patients on *watery diluents*, is not only feeding moſt diſeaſes, but diſabling the conſtitutional powers to contend with and throw them off: a miſtake no leſs dangerous than obſtinate, and contrary to common ſenſe. There are ſcarce two diſorders in ten, happening in Great-Britain, or Ireland, but what require to be ſupported: inſtead of this, they are prolonged, inveterated, and hurried into fatal criſiſes, by water-gruel, barley-water, balm-tea, ſaline draughts, vitriol drops, nitre, &c. &c.

—*infection*, would indicate, that he who calls it ſo, is deeply infected with the abſurd bigotry and ſuperſtition of the ſchools.

The foregoing account of the *Influenza*, compriſes any anſwer I ſhould have thought of ſending to the requiſition of the royal college of phyſicians. What had the members to do in the buſineſs, more than any *private* meeting of the faculty, or even any medical individual whatſoever? They had no right *excluſively*, to addreſs the public on the occaſion. It was no leſs officious, than oſtentatious. It tacitly implied their *own* ignorance of the diſeaſe; and, to make up for it, that they wiſhed to appropriate the aggregate information, ſo extenſive a correſpondence might bring in, either to ſome ſelfiſh, or vainglorious purpoſe.

Were the college deſerving its chartered privileges, it would have been competent to inſtruct the phyſicians of Great-Britain and Ireland, inſtead of being inſtructed by them. The prerogative the members would afterward aſſume of comparing, garbling, and communicating the huge maſs of opinions, which might be the reſult of ſo general a correſpondence, *in* their own way, and *after* their own manner, would be

be exercifed to no better purpofe than by an exhibition of knowledge through the medium of *fyftem* and *prejudice:* like the fun and heavenly bodies feen glimmering through a thick fog. No body of men has a right to eftablifh doctrines, or even to recommend them, *beyond* the authority of a fingle individual: nor fhould I be lefs apt to fufpect the fcientific decifions of a royal college of phyficians, than the theologic ones of the houfes of Convocation; had thefe not been wifely fhut up, againft eccleſiaſtical intrufion, by the merciful hands of the civil power; in honour of the human, as well as Chriftian character, and to do uncommon credit to government and modern times.

I have only to add that, additional to Dr. Falconer's *eſſay* on the INFLUENZA, a number of others, I fee by the public prints, are crowding upon each other.—The *ſtimulus* of writing on this diſorder, it would ſeem, will be more CONTAGIOUS than the diſorder itſelf. Whether *the contagion* proceeds from the atmoſphere encompaſſing the *earth*; that encompaſſing the *brain*; or that ſtill more ſubtile, infectious *effluvium* ſurrounding the *king's head* from the mint, is a knotty point of diſcuſſion, which, with all due humility, I humbly leave to be determined at the next meeting of the Royal College.

NOTA BENE.

The volume on Blood-letting, &c. promiſed the public, in my Caſes in Medicine, from a variety of profeſſional calls, and other intercurrent circumſtances, has been ſtopt in the preſs, after *two hundred* pages and more were worked off. Though ſtopt, it is not loſt ſight of, as it will contain much *intereſting matter*, I will be permitted to ſay, on ſeveral ſubjects beſide that of Blood-letting, inſtructively to diverſify and enliven the latter.

Venœſection, whether in the good or bad extreme, is one of the moſt conſequential operations in medical ſcience. But the longer I view the practice, I conſider it in the more fatal light to the lives of thouſands.—EARLY BLISTERING will have all the *good*, without one of the *bad* effects, inſeparable from this too common operation. Why, then, is the *former* almoſt always omitted at firſt, and the *latter* ſeldom? This queſtion is anſwered by *aſking* another; why is not the world *advancing* in wiſdom and knowledge?—In the volume deferred, but not laid aſide, *ſeveral caſes* will ſolicit the reader's attention, which have happened in Newark, on recent occaſions (and happening

there

there, they may happen *any* where) to which the *lancet* gave a fatal termination, in the (ſcarce blood-guiltleſs) hands of unbluſhing ſelf-confidence, and unlettered obſtinacy. There are men, pompous, ſtrutting, and plauſible, whoſe *bodies* are too large for their ſouls: alas! how few are there, on the contrary, whoſe *ſouls* are at a loſs for room in their bodies!—*Venter non habet animum.*—To have done,

The reader is to be informed that, notwithſtanding the pains I have taken to put this reſpectable place, and others by example from it, on their guard againſt *pretenders to medical knowledge*, I have had ſeveral of their miſtreated patients lately. Some I found it impoſſible to ſave: others with extreme difficulty. Notwithſtanding my unhappineſs in this reſpect, I make it a point of duty to obey every call; convinced no practitioner can *lawfully* refuſe any. But I would earneſtly entreat every one, not only in Newark, but elſewhere, to have the *beſt* advice at firſt (the beſt is always the *cheapeſt*) and not expect MIRACLES, ſeventeen hundred years after the power of working them has ceaſed.

CANDID

Candid Animadverſions

&c.

" A *wiſe phyſician*, ſkill'd our ails to heal,
" Is more than armies to the public weal."

HOMER.

AS the doctrine all along taken for granted in Dr. Lee's " Narrative of a ſingular Gouty Caſe," runs counter to that of mine laid down in " A ſucceſsful Method of treating the Gout,"* it is become a matter of juſtice to myſelf, as well as a matter of farther elucidation due to the litigated ſubject, to make remarks on the doctor's " ſingular caſe." For my part, the only ſingularity which ſtrikes me, is, that it ſhould be thought ſingular. But of this afterwards.—Dr. Lee is my countryman, acquaintance, and, I believe, my friend. I am his friend,

* Printed and ſold by R. Cruttwell, in Bath; and C. Dilly, Poultry, London.

friend, and ſincerely wiſh him well. But the ties of acquaintanceſhip, national connection, and even friendſhip, ſhall, with me, ever give way to higher conſiderations, thoſe that regard mankind at large: the advantages of all, not of a few; not of this man, or that man; but of every man, and every man alike.

The univerſality of principle, is its divinity; its diſintereſtedneſs its touchſtone; and its ſimplicity, the proof of its excellence, and eventual uſefulneſs to the world. What is locked up in a corporation (a ſort of royal miſer's box) is chiefly beneficial to that corporation, and only amuſes the multitude with plauſible appearances. This leads me, as a preliminary, to conſider that college to which the Doctor addreſſes himſelf.

The college of phyſicians at London, is a corporation by royal charter, and gives its members no more conſequence, than a royal patent to ſell drops or powders gives conſequence to the charlatan who ſells them. The former's charter is not more royal than the latter's patent, for fourteen years. Nay, the latter, in a court of conſcience, ſeems beyond the former in *merit*; as the one only runs the riſk of deſtroying mankind for a limited time, under royal patronage; whereas

whereas the other's privilege, to the ſame poſſible purpoſe, is unlimited.

That the participants of charters royal have had academical education, crowned with degrees, and thoſe of patents royal none, unleſs they may have had them in the way of inſpiration from Heaven, is nothing in honour of the firſt; nay, it is a circumſtance much in honour of the laſt. They do not preſume on any perſonal conſiderations, entitling them to ſell their noſtrums; therefore, by *feeing* the proper office, they obtain a royal patent to fill up the vacuum. But phyſicians with a regular courſe of learning in their favour, and arrived at the ſummit of univerſity honours, do not think *theſe* ſufficient authority for curing, or indemnification for not *ſaving* his Majeſty's ſubjects, but as a body they muſt needs have his Majeſty's leave by charter. They had his royal college charter for treating or miſtreating the caſes of as many patients as might come their way; but this was not deemed enough: they applied for and got a ſpecial charter for further ſpecial purpoſes.—Two negatives make an affirmative: why ſhould not two affirmatives make a negative; and thus the royal college of phyſicians be pronounced to have no charter at all; therefore, behind even

the newſpaper ſons of Æſculapius, who confeſſedly have *one* for fourteen years? *Cauſa latet, vis eſt notiſſima.*

That it is one of the undoubted prerogatives of the crown to grant excluſive charters, I am ready to acknowledge: but that the crown (perſonified as the reader wills) underſtands phyſic or the qualifications of phyſicians, I am as ready *not* to acknowledge. That ſuch a power may rightly judge of the qualifications for good eating and drinking; competent, conſequently, to grant charters to corporate bodies, conſiſting of mayor, aldermen and burgeſſes, whoſe chief amount of uſefulneſs is, at public feaſts, to get fuddled and ſurfeited, I feel not diſpoſed to deny: but that the ſame power ſhould comprehend the cauſes, remote and proximate, the indications preventative, palliative, or curative, of fevers, palſies, epilepſies, dyſenteries, gout, rheumatiſm, &c. or the operative virtues of antimony, calomel, muſk, camphire, valerian, caſtor, bark, &c. I feel myſelf not only diſpoſed to deny, but to ridicule.

Every corporate inſtitution, or eſtabliſhment, in arts, ſciences or ethics, inſtead of extending knowledge and improvement, retard them.—

How

How is a man to perform a journey if he is ſtopt at an inn on the road? How is a perſon to give an accurate deſcription of objects, when he ſhuts his eyes, and deſires another to ſee for him?—Or, to draw cloſe to our ſubject, how can a phyſician preſcribe a medicine, with rational confidence, integrity or ſucceſs, who has not repeated unequivocal knowledge of its effects on former occaſions; but, on the contrary, takes its virtues upon truſt from the authority of another; which other had his report from a predeceſſor; he from his; and ſo on till we arrive at ſome remote father of phyſic, who, in the infancy of knowledge, but full grown ſtate of credulity and ſuperſtition, was little qualified to make juſt and faithful concluſions from apparent premiſes.

This is the genealogy and origin of the preſent practice of phyſic; and in order that it ſhould never be other than what it is, royal colleges of phyſicians have locked up the genealogical ſecret or myſtery, in ſtrong boxes, of which they only have the keys, for the excluſive uſe and emolument of their reſpective members. What is this but quackery on a large, pompous ſcale, for the lives of the ſeveral members; while that exhibited in newſpapers is upon an humble, narrow one, limited by fourteen years? The ſame auguſt

auguſt authority that licenſes the one, licenſes the other; nor has a royal college of phyſicians a better right, or better qualifications, ſo far as the royal patronage is efficient, to ſell their receipts to patients, than their *brethren* of the public prints (they are certainly ſo for *fourteen years*) to ſell their infinite variety of ineſtimable, never-failing ſpecifics. A newſpaper patent-royal confines QUACKERY to the term of fourteen years: membership in a royal college of phyſicians extends it to the end of the individual's life. If quackery be diſgraceful in itſelf, and pernicious in its conſequences to ſociety, ſurely that royal authority is merciful and provident which reſtrains the evil to a preſcribed period, ſaying, "hitherto ſhalt thou come and no farther."

It may be ſaid that the members of royal colleges have all had a liberal education, are men of learning and letters. I grant it: but ſo much the worſe. When learning and academical honours are allied to error, and act in conjunction, error becomes faſhionable, and has a ſort of eternity conferred upon it. Beſide, it is the higheſt of abſurd inconſiſtencies to ſuppoſe that wiſdom, learning and knowledge, require the royal aid of a patent or charter to be uſeful to ſociety.

It

It would ſeem the ſame thing as if the ſun ſhould require to be heated in an oven, in order to warm and fæcundate the earth.

Error and learning, in alliance, have been at the bottom of all the miſchiefs that ever diſgraced or diſtreſſed the ſons of men. Kingdom after kingdom, and century after century, has groaned under the iron hand of this baneful, hideous alliance. On it, as the foundation ſtone, the huge ſuperſtructure of ancient paganiſm was reared: a ſyſtem ſo enormouſly marked for idolatry and wickedneſs, that the Deity himſelf was under the neceſſity of interpoſing to counteract it, by inſtituting the jewiſh theocracy, over which he locally preſided in *Shekenah*, or the effulgent emblems of fire. By it the Jewiſh religion itſelf, after ſerving the purpoſes of its firſt inſtitution, particularly, preſerving the knowledge of one God (both in eſſence and perſon) became ſo degenerate and corrupt, that Heaven was a ſecond time obliged to interfere by inſtituting the Chriſtian religion, which in time, as expreſſly propheſied,* is to take place of

* The words of the prophecy are remarkable. "Then cometh the end (the end of our ſyſtem) when he (*Jeſus Chriſt*, or Jeſus Chriſt's religion) ſhall have put down, ALL RULE,

of all power and authority, whether eccleſiaſtic or civil, and be the univerſal governing principle of every nation and people.

By it, Popery, a ſurpriſing compound of civil tyranny and ſpiritual corruption, was eſtabliſhed the dominant religion of the European world; though containing in its boſom worſe evils, more horrid exceſſes, than ever deformed the worſt period of Pagan times: in conſequence of which, the Deity was neceſſitated to interpoſe, a third time, by the inſtrumentality of the firſt reformers on the continent, and thoſe of a later date in England, to ſave mankind from total darkneſs and ruin.

By it, all the nations ſubſiſting in the Chriſtian world, are, at this moment, tinctured, more or leſs, with civil tyranny and eccleſiaſtical corruption, not even excepting the ſelf-flattered ſeats

RULE, AND ALL AUTHORITY AND POWER: for he muſt reign, till he hath put all ENEMIES (that is, "all rule, all authority and power") under his feet."—Why has this ſtriking paſſage been ſo long miſapprehended and miſapplied, by its being conſidered excluſively in reference to a *ſpiritual power?*—Spiritual power, in the abſtract, there can be none. Prayer books and ſermons are not *ſoldiers*. No! *all* power upon earth is *civil*, *political*, or *ſecular* in its nature.

ſeats* of the laſt reformation which has happened: a ſituation, undoubtedly, that will require a *fourth* interpoſition of the Deity, by the medium of reformers at preſent living, or to riſe in a future generation (for no farther miracles will be wrought to the end of the world, if it may not be ſaid that the virtuous and diſintereſted ſons of reformation are a ſpecies of ſtanding miracles, in ſuch vain, ſelfiſh, corrupt and vicious times as ours) otherwiſe the three preceding interpoſitions of the Deity, to ſave the world from wicked men, would be uſeleſs, nay, a mockery of our wants. The firſt laid a foundation for a ſecond; the ſecond for a third: a fourth, fifth, ſixth, &c. in the great developement of things, the colliſion of ages muſt follow; or Reformation be left halting on crutches, to the diſparagement and unfulfilment of the text.

From this ſhort retroſpection of hiſtorical facts, known to all men that read, it appears that

* The times indeed ſeem faſt approximating to a neceſſity for another reform: our *Biſhops* are become the mere drudges of a court, and tools of a miniſter; mere fortune-hunters; ſcramblers for preferment; a burleſque on the duties of reſidence, preaching, and ſetting humble examples of piety; and more anxious to have a *Good Friday* obſerved, than the ſacred precepts of the everlaſting Goſpel, the pure morality of the Son of God.

that error and learning in alliance, which are never without the *civil power* to ſupport them, being themſelves neceſſary to the ſupport of all exiſting governments, have been, and ever cannot but be, the greateſt enemies to mankind, becauſe either hereditary or elective enemies, which, as already obſerved, gives them a kind of immortality. From their wideſt ſpheres of activity and influence, to the narroweſt, they ſay and do, perfectly conſiſtent with themſelves, as *one*.—We ſet off from the narrow, to a wide ſphere indeed; and we now return from the wide to the narrow. A ſingle ſpark ſtruck from a flint may ſet a city on flame; and yet a drop of water, at firſt, might have extinguiſhed that ſpark. From the pinion of analogy, which always delights to ſoar, I am now humbly to alight at the threſhold of the college royal of phyſicians.

They, with the keys of the temple of genius and knowledge in their hands, would only admit a few worſhippers to bend at the ſhrine of the goddeſs of health; and thoſe too ſuch only as worſhip exactly in their *own way*: for, alas! we have medical Confeſſions, Articles, Creeds, and Catechiſms, as well as theologic. Theſe keys were delivered to the firſt applicants by a perſon

perſon who knew no more of phyſic, than he did of the philoſopher's ſtone, or the perpetual motion. The crown indeed once claimed the peculiar knowledge of curing the *king's evil*; but that diſorder is now only found to exiſt in the proximities of a court; the natural and ſpontaneous cure of which is—to get away from ſuch infectious latitudes; the cure ſtill the more complete according to the diſtance.

Here it may be aſked, what could actuate the firſt phyſicians who applied for a royal charter of incorporation, or excluſive rights and privileges? Anſwer, that ſpirit of ambition and monopoly which long ago made the Cæſars dictators and emperors; made private Chriſtian individuals Popes of Rome; and more latterly a Swediſh monarch, inſtead of being the limited father of his people, a tyrant in his own right. —It will be alledged, the original motive was to preſerve the dignity, decorum and uſefulneſs of the *healing art* from violation. But this is far from the truth. In lieu of this, the inſtitution of a royal college has *forced* the healing art into the hands of hand-bill and newſpaper doctors, who, under the myſtic mantle of charlataniſm, ſanctioned by patent royal, have all the authority the government of theſe realms can

give them, to act, during the revolution of fourteen annual suns, a period sufficient to kill or cure Saul's thousands, or David's ten thousands, *bona fide, et ipso facto,* as if they were members of the royal college of physicians. Where is the blush on the cheek of the royal college?—Where is the smiting hand upon the heart of the royal college?

Men joining their heads together, at particular meetings, to authenticate and enlarge knowledge, is quite an absurdity. It supposes knowledge, or science, stinted by a day or an hour, and sending her cards of invitation for a public meeting, to do what can only be done in *private studies.* Should it be said, that the public meeting is only appointed to compare, and finally to adjust the various arguments and opinions of the members composing it; still there is an unsurmountable solicism in the case. Shall such members be judge, jury, and witnesses, in their own cause? Forbid it, Heaven! Forbid it, Constitution of England! Forbid it, Justice! Forbid it, Common Sense!

They should only stand as simple deponents, or persons giving evidence at the bar of the public, instead of judging and decreeing in the above

above triple capacity, and in ſecret conclave too, if they have any thing of importance to add to or ſubſtract from the common ſtock of ſcientific information. The preſs and univerſity, being open to all, are the only legitimate mediums of knowledge, when the ſafety and honour of a profeſſion are concerned, and the firſt temporal intereſts of mankind, thoſe of life and health, deeply at ſtake. Every other medium is that of a *party*; the firſt conception of which had its roots deep faſtened in human vanity, a preſumptuous ſpirit of encroachment. It is only a few ſecreted individuals telling the many, "we are more learned and knowing than you, indulged from Heaven with higher degrees of genius and wiſdom: therefore, do we of right take upon us to aſcertain the nature and meaſures of right and wrong, for your adoption and direction." This is the amount, in ſentiment and meaning of all excluſive, collective bodies; who preſume, in their aſſembled capacity, to do what, in their ſeparate, they are inadequate to. The term *royal*, annexed to the college, gives the members no right, authority, or precedence whatever, in the temple of ſcience and philoſophy: a temple not made with hands, like that of the mind, in which alone the Deity preſides, as he does in that of immortality; and, into which

which *every* man, or *no* man, has a right to enter. A monarch himſelf, though he commands fleets and armies, cannot command an entrance into that *holy place:* if he enters, it muſt be like any other private perſon.

A royal charter can neither give or take away knowledge; make men wiſer or fooliſher, better or worſe, than they are. God knows, if it could, its operation ſhould begin at home, and reform courts; which, in all kingdoms, are the central points, or focuſſes, from whence every ſpecies of hypocriſy, deceit, moral turpitude, falſe religion (that of mere ſhew) intemperance and avarice, diverges and ſpreads among the people, with biſhops* the ſtrongeſt radii collected and operative in thoſe lenſes; thoſe burning glaſs which would ſet the temple of truth and virtue, the Deity's intellectual world on fire, were it not, like the three Hebrews devoted to the furnace, inſured in Heaven from burning.

The truth of the remark upon courts is eſtabliſhed

* In mentioning biſhops, I do not mean our own more than thoſe of other countries. All biſhops are and muſt ever be alike, as being men, bearing artificial characters, ſupported only by *worldly* riches and honours, and deriving all their uſefulneſs and ſanctity from the ſtate.

bliſhed beyond a doubt, by this conſideration, a fact which comes within the knowledge of every one, that the farther removed the people are from the vicinities of a court, the more artleſs, innocent, virtuous, hoſpitable, contented, and peaceable, they will always be found. I have made the remark in three kingdoms: had I reſided alternately *in all* the nations of Europe, inſtead of three, the ſame remark, I am confident, muſt have been unavoidable. People have got into ſuch confirmed habits of thinking, ſaying and acting, at court, *in one way*, that *erring and ſinning* are become as habitual and familiar, as the equilibrium of legs, or the poiſe of ſhoulders.—No one who *differs* not from the world can be of uſe to that world: the whole can never reform itſelf: reformation muſt commence among the parts far from a court.

Monopolies of knowledge, ſhould ſeem like monopolies of the *ſun*, or the *ocean*. Knowledge can only be confined by the individual to himſelf; and that only for the term of his natural life! Knowledge, bounded by a charter, and handed over by *parchment-right* from one age to another, ſuppoſes man never dies, or dead, reſuſſitates in a parchment-form. Many a man lives by parchment in *another* way, we allow; but royal

royal immortality, imparted to a few, and communicated afterward by *election*, forms one of thoſe abſurdities, which mankind ſwallow without thinking of their *bulk*.—In the act of ſwallowing, no one is choaked; ſo all is well. Beſide, the elective capacity, exerciſed by the college, is equal, in point of authority, to the royal, or that which at firſt gave it *exiſtence*.—The demiſe of a member is, however, a reaſſumption of the charter, reſpecting the deceaſed, by the original authority which beſtowed it.

That part of it—lapſed—was conferred on perſonal identity: *this* ceaſing to exiſt, the other becomes void, relapſes to the crown. It follows, then, that no power ſhort of the crown is competent to elect a *new* member. One member electing another, ſuppoſes he has two identities, or can fill two places at one time.—To view the abſurdity in a different aſpect, it ſuppoſes he has the power of *reviviſying the dead*, in the perſon of him who is about to be choſen a member.

One abſurdity is generally the parent of another. By the ſame exertion of power, that he (the king) reproduces perſonal identity by ſubſtitution, or the *ſameneſs* of memberſhip, by a

different

different member; the *departed* member may riſe from his grave, throw off his winding ſheet, and reaſſume his place at the table. From the abſurdity of ſuch *ſelf-perpetuations*, connected with their danger to the ſtate, the houſe of commons cannot elect its own members. Every body of men that *can*, will ſoon *degenerate*, and become hurtful. But this metaphyſical digreſſion muſt be ſtopt.

It may be ſaid, the foregoing ſtrictures owe their origin to the circumſtance of my not being a member myſelf of the royal college. But this cannot be truly ſaid. I never applied, and upon my principles, never can apply to be admitted one of that body. As I totally condemn the inſtitution, by participating of it as a member, I ſhould conſider myſelf, and be juſtly conſidered by others, as ſelf-condemned.

I condemn the inſtitution on ſeveral grounds, and with a degree of ſolid reaſon which muſt ſtrike any one but a member. Surpriſing it is, that when a perſon commences member of a particular body, or corporation, he that moment becomes the advocate and flatterer of that body. This conduct involves a tacit cenſure of, and ſatire upon, *the whole world beſide*; which

ſhould

ſhould ſeem an ungracious ſpecimen to aſcertain the principle, dignity and decorum of an inſtitution. The man who praiſes a chartered body, of which he makes one, is all the while but flattering himſelf. To flatter one's ſelf is a proof we want delicacy of breeding and ſentiment.

A ſubject of England, extols that celebrated ſpot beyond all the nations of the world. A ſubject of France, Germany, Spain, &c. thinks and ſpeaks in the ſame high ſtyle of national primogeniture, or local excellence. Vernacular language calls this the virtue of Patriotiſm: I would call it the virtue of ſelf-adulation. A clergyman when he gets a cure or living in an eſtabliſhed church, deems himſelf bound almoſt to idolize that church, as being the pureſt and moſt excellent of any. This is called *orthodoxy*, and in the faſhionable currency of opinion, is eſteemed a virtue, or grace, which, like the rod of Aaron, among the rods of the magicians, ſwallows up the reſt: or, like Charity, is to hide a multitude of ſins. A multitude of ſins, it is confeſſed on all hands, are to be hid; nor do I think any thing ſhort of a divine act of ſolvency, or forgiveneſs, will be adequate to the caſe. A cleric defends a cleric, becauſe he is a cleric. He may as well defend him becauſe he has

has a noſe upon his face, a beard upon his chin, or nails upon his fingers. A good clergyman, as orthodoxically weighed and meaſured, MAY BE A BAD MAN. I hope there are few ſuch.

In like manner, when a gentleman gets to be a member of the Royal College of Phyſicians, he looks upon it in the higheſt light of veneration and reſpect; not conſidering, that as an artificial body, moving mechanically on chartered ſprings, and taking upon it what I would call *medical legiſlation*, it is not to be venerated or reſpected. Decompounded, if I may uſe the expreſſion, into the individuality of ſeparate members, each, it is readily granted, may be reſpectable and worthy. But this annihilates the college as ſuch, and puts the individuals which compoſe it on a footing with any equal number of the profeſſion uncollegiate, or unchartered by the crown.

The aggregate reſult of the body, deliberating or decreeing, is *nothing*, or *nobody*, unleſs in a majority of voices or ſuffrages, deciding and carrying a particular queſtion. But where ſcience, learning, philoſophy, ethics, religion, knowledge, &c. are concerned, *votes* have no authority, propriety, or obligatory force. The

reverſe would be the ſame thing as to eſtimate the diameter of the ſun, or the immenſity of his rays, in a particular building, from the *number* of windows he may paſs thro'. Each window, conſidered by itſelf, we allow, gives us an idea of his ſplendor in proportion to its ſize; but the collective amount of windows, no idea of his vaſtneſs and immeaſurability.

There is one particular effect inſeparable from a royal college of phyſicians, which is this, that gentlemen of the faculty, by being members, derive a falſe conſequence from it. People when they ſee the dignified appendage to a phyſician's name, of his being a member of the royal college of phyſicians, London, ſet him down as, to be ſure, uncommonly ſkilful in his profeſſion. But the caſe may be quite the contrary. Pompous pretences and appearances have ever deceived the bulk of mankind, who poſſeſs not talents, inclination, or leiſure, to penetrate deeper than the ſurface of things.

Conſummate abilities, and genuine profeſſional worth, are always reſerved and unaſſuming, and covet not titles or proud initials appended to a *name*. An Inn may have a ſhowy ſign to catch the eye of a traveller, but bad accommodations

dations within to comfort and refreſh him. I have no doubt, let the preſent members of the royal college be what they may, in point of erudition, and medical ſagacity, an equal number may be found (any where) of phyſicians equally erudite and ſagacious. What then is the value and importance of ſcientific titles? None, except to the individuals themſelves, acting on a ſelfiſh, pecuniary plan, and *taking in* the world; always ready and willing to be taken in, by a bold *exterior*, rather than an humble, condeſcending, unaſſuming *reality*.

The royal collegiate honours are procurable by *intereſt*. Should any recommendation, ſhort of uncommon profeſſional abilities, and ſucceſsful practice, grown grey-headed in diſintereſted virtue and uſefulneſs, entitle men to theſe honours? Certainly not. Honorary rewards of merit ſhould wait that merit being aſcertained, by the faithful needle of hoary age, and holy experience, pointing to it, as to the poles of truth. Phyſicians who are in their nonage, reſpecting the practical department of the Healing Art, cannot have obtained memberſhip in a royal college of phyſicians, whether of London, Dublin, or Edinburgh, ſhort of a burleſque upon themſelves, and ſatire on theſe colleges. The

quantum

quantum meruit is wanting; and if that is, every thing muſt be. If the influence of a particular *great* man (great and little are, for the moſt part, arbitrary and convertible terms) is to procure thoſe peculiar honours only due to wiſdom, ſcience, philoſophy, virtue, and long tried public or profeſſional excellence; then may it *ſupercede* theſe, and ſave infinite initiatory pains and ſtudy to acquire them.

But the thing itſelf, even in ſuppoſition, is a diſgrace to the moſt divine of all ſciences and arts, that of preſerving the life of man, and rendering the enjoyments and ſolacements of that life deſirable and unalloyed. What is the greateſt eſtate, the poſſeſſion of the moſt magnificent manſion and domain, nay, even a royal crown and palace, without health? Nothing but to ſtamp this great truth, as with the ſeal of Heaven, that the meaneſt tenant of the firſt, and the meaneſt ſubject of the latter, is, in poſſeſſion of health, lifting his boſom, ſerening his countenance, and ſtretching him at night on the more than down bed of peaceful ſleep, the happier, the more truly enviable of the two.

And ſhall thoſe dignities, which men, perhaps, in the commendable pride and ſwell of

thought

thought, have annexed to a profeſſion ſo truly excellent (when properly exerciſed) be thrown away, in conſequence of a miſnomer, blundered upon by men of rank and influence, in favour of their friends: that is, ſhall ſuch dignities be beſtowed by anticipation; or to expreſs it in common language, ſhall a man receive the wages of labour, whatever they or it may be, before he has performed any part of that labour, or only perhaps juſt begun to perform it?

I have known more than one or two inſtances, not only in England, but in Scotland and Ireland, of phyſicians being admitted members of royal colleges, juſt upon their commencement of buſineſs, or a few years after. This, doubtleſs, is a leading error, a fundamental miſtake. Such errors and miſtakes do not happen in the army or navy, in the church or at the bar; though departments incomparably of leſs eſtimation, for *uſefulneſs*, than that which prolongs life by inſuring health, and, conſequently, inſuring all the enjoyments and comforts within the reach of that chiefeſt of human bleſſings.

An enſign, a captain, a major, a colonel, muſt continue ſuch for ſome time, before he is admiſſible as a general officer. A midſhipman muſt

muſt be a midſhipman ſome years before he can be a lieutenant, captain, commodore, or admiral.

A cleric muſt be deacon, or prieſt, ſome time previous to his induction into a living, ſtall, deanery, or biſhopric. Theſe are regulations of good ſenſe (regarding a *trade)* which are by no means ſo eſſential to human happineſs as that of the *healing art*:* yet thoſe diſtinctions ſhall be heaped upon phyſicians juſt commencing buſineſs, which ſhould only be beſtowed on grey-headed merit and experience. I have no particular object in my eye to whom this is referable: a number occur to memory, on whom ſuch honours have been improperly conferred.

When I call them honours, I only do it in compliance with the faſhionable currency of language; for, in my opinion, they are *diſhonours,*

* The above wiſe regulations of qualification, are ſet at defiance, in the inſtance of the apothecaries. Without any gradations of knowledge and experience, other than what their maſters may have conducted them through, who were deſtitute themſelves of learning and liberal ſcience, except, perhaps, half a year, or a year's attendance in an hoſpital, or at a courſe of private lectures; they commence all at once apothecaries, ſurgeons, accoucheurs, and phyſicians. Such another jumble of profeſſions, any one of which is ſufficient for a man to arrive at excellence in, is not upon record

nours, when undeſerved.* All excluſive titles of honour, from the higheſt to the loweſt, not beſtowed upon pre-eminent and acknowledged deſert, when eſtimated by truth and a juſt philoſophy, are ſplendid inſults on the poſſeſſor; and render him no more honourable than white-waſh and carving a monument. — A duke, without virtue and private exemplary excellence, making the whole country happy where he reſides;

record in the annals of human monopoly. — That the world ſhould ſubmit to it, when their deareſt intereſts, thoſe of life and health, depend upon the deciſion of a day, or an hour, is aſtoniſhing indeed. Could any thing excite a juſt aſtoniſhment more, it would be the circumſtance of that world's attending to the mereſt trifles in compariſon, with a ſeriouſneſs

* This circumſtance points out the extreme abſurdity of *hereditary honours*. A wiſe and good man (ſometimes it ſo happens) ſhall be ennobled by the herald's addition of baron, viſcount, earl, marquis, or duke, to his *name*.—Theſe titles MAY, and oftentimes DO, deſcend to a block-head, or a debauchee. Shall ſuch deſcript perſons be *rewarded*, and by the higheſt authority of a ſtate, for block-headiſm and debauchery?—Beſide, all honours conferred *upon* man, originate *with* man. What are they? Can man make man more than he is, or can make himſelf, as an individual? If he can, for a like reaſon, emmets may ennoble emmets, and gnats ennoble gnats. If then, *patrician* honours are no more than what we have made them (which is certainly the caſe) what are we to think of *private collegiate* honours?—It may be ſaid, I ſtart from my ſubject, and, excentrically diſpoſed myſelf, wiſh to lead my readers aſtray.

ſides; as a kind of *provincial Deity* ſcattering his favours and bleſſings around him, inſtead of ſquandering his fortune on the parade of life (which does *more* credit to his domeſtics and coach-horſes, than himſelf) on high living, gambling, horſeracing, and an eternal round of frivolous

ſerioufneſs and punctuality only becoming rational beings, when their moſt ſacred and valuable concerns are at ſtake. Did not people diſcontinue to *think*, though they continue to breathe, ſpeak, eat, drink and ſleep, ſuch matter of aſtoniſhment

aſtray.—No! I do not; but would beg leave to make this remark, that, he who does not ſtart from his ſubject, that is, recede in act from ſyſtem, faſhion, habit, prejudice, or, in one word, FOLLY, can never do good. In muſic (one of the ſweeteſt reliefs of human life) deviations from the *key*, or a ſucceſſion of happy intercurrent diſcords, carried forward with judgment in *fugue*, &c. again meeting the key, form the luxury of harmonic feeling. Without *diſſonants* there could be no perfect harmony in muſic; and without *ſingularity* in opinion and taſte, regarding the preſent low fallen ſtate of the moral world, there could be no reformation of principle, or melioration of manners, any where. It is the world acting *all one way*, that makes the world ſo bad. That *it is bad*, I appeal to the King in his proclamations for faſt-days, and to the Biſhops in their forms of prayer. Indeed, without ſuch reſpectable information, I ſhould have known it to be ſo. This is my reaſon and apology for introducing religion, philoſophy and morals, into every thing I write: what in the form of ſermons might not be read, may, perhaps, take the reader by ſurpriſe, and engage him, where he little expected to meet with any ſuch thing.

frivolous pleaſure:—I ſay, a duke thus conditioned, is a diſhonour to his coronet, in lieu of it being an honour to him; and a diſgrace to that fountain head of honour, from whence it may have been derived. In like manner,

A biſhop, not poſſeſſed of humility and lowlineſs of mind, perfect diſintereſtedneſs, and ſelf-denial; who does not make it a point of duty to be *always reſident* in his dioceſe; keeping a plain, but plentiful, open houſe; conſidering himſelf as one of Heaven's bankers, or agents, for the needy and afflicted; not a ſecular man to accumulate fortunes for his family, which are likely to be, ſooner or later, the ſource of pride, vice and misfortune: a biſhop I ſay, not acting as now deſcribed (which likewiſe is his ſcriptural delineation) guarding the

 intereſts

niſhment would not occur. It is a want of ſpirit too, as well as reflection, among the genteel ranks of life, that countenances and encourages the apothecaries in obtruding themſelves as phyſicians upon families. Card-party friendſhips, and attachments, are at the bottom of this ſtrange buſineſs. Becauſe an apothecary's wife gives tea and cards (articles of luxury, ſqueezed from the neceſſities of the poor) to a circle of acquaintances, that circle muſt needs invert the order of things, and employ her huſband, illiterate and uneducated, as a phyſician. A real phyſician being called in, after the other has brought his patient into imminent

intereſts of Heaven upon earth, and exemplifying it poſſible, that a temporary Heaven may exiſt upon earth; is a diſcredit to his function and that church he is member of; a burleſque upon our holy religion, which he pretends to preach; and one of the greateſt encouragers (becauſe in high ſtation) of a *double character*, which diſqualifies, more than any thing beſide for the kingdom of Heaven.

From the higheſt armorial titles in church and ſtate, I ſhall deſcend to the literary one ſo often mentioned, that of member of the royal college of phyſicians. We have ſhewn the former to be, except in certain circumſtances of *perſonal* virtue, excellence, and uſefulneſs *beyond* other men, diſgraces to the poſſeſſors, inſtead

imminent danger, makes the matter worſe. The *eaſy*, *flexile* man is only ſummoned to ſave appearances, throw duſt into the eyes of the patient's friends, and divert the odium from the apothecaries. I ſincerely regret that phyſicians are, in general, ſo ready to become the *ſcape goats* of theſe men. In my judgment, ſuch a conduct is a deſertion of principle, both religious and moral, and of that ſacred regard to the life of man which every one ought to have. Beſide, I am convinced, were it not for this *criminal* colluſion with the apothecaries, the latter would not dare, however tempted by the inconſiderate calls of families, to undertake the firſt management of diſorders. But let their miſtakes and blunders be

ſtead of honours; and we ſhall likewiſe find that the latter confers no conſequence, no diſtinction, independent of conſiderations, regarding the individual, which nothing foreign to himſelf can ſupply, and which, if they are in his favour, give him a pre-eminence to others which no honorary appendages of name can add to.

—*Stellæ globoſæ et rotundæ*—

If a phyſician has not qualified himſelf, by the acquirement of all attainable knowledge at a college; if he is not an habitually ſtudious, reading, contemplative perſon, not contented with half a dozen initiatory years of academical inſtruction; if he is not a ſtrictly moral man, I mean from ſentiment and choice, not for ſake

be what they will, ever ſo palpable, and ever ſo frequent, and however it may turn out with the unhappy patient, they have their come off; a phyſician was called in ſome days, or hours, before he may have died: mean time he gets his fees; the family is content; and the apothecary is emboldened to continue his trade of *profeſſional manſlaughter*.— What a mighty ſtir and noiſe have been made about the *humane ſociety*, for reſtoring a few perſons, apparently drowned, to life! I allow the ſociety to be truly humane and uſeful, *ſo far as it goes*; but that ſociety would be much more humane and uſeful which ſhould be formed to have cognizance of the apothecaries, by aſcertaining the number of caſes they may have taken the *firſt* management of, which will be found aſtoniſhingly great; the number of days they may

ſake of appearances; the ſame in private, as in public; if he do not look upon the practical part of his profeſſion in the hallowed light of a *duty*, for the due performance of which he is to be reſponſible, on the moſt explicit principles of integrity, to a greater than any *viſible* power; and, laſtly, if he has not had the thrice holy ſtamp of *time* on his character; has not practiſed, for a long ſeries of years, unequivocally ſucceſsful, and conſpicuouſly diſintereſted, particularly to the *poor*, to whom he was always acceſſible at appointed hours, and liberal of his advice and medicines: I repeat it, if a phyſician is not this *ſuperior* perſon, however he may move a favourite in the polite and elegant circles of life, his admiſſion to be a member of the royal college, only makes him ſo by *anticipation*, which is diſhonouring both him and the college: on the contrary,

may have kept the phyſician from the beds of patients; the quantity of drugs they may have preſcribed in the time, together with their prices; and what name the phyſician, when at length ſent for, gave the diſorder. Such a ſociety would be eaſily practicable, in every country and town in England; and under the ſanction of an act of parliament, would be of more eminent ſervice to ſociety than any inſtitution, under a like ſanction, has been for an hundred years back. This would *truly* be a humane ſociety, and would ſave thouſands from deſtruction yearly, inſtead of a trifling number of the apparently drowned.

contrary, if a phyſician be the perſon thus deſcribed; the college, enrolling his name in its liſt of members, does itſelf infinite credit, but ſuperadds none to him.

This mode of treating our ſubject, takes the *art of healing*, the niceſt and moſt intereſting of all arts, out of the fooliſh hands of SYSTEM, of local, water-drinking popularity, and ſets it on an elevation of diffuſive, indiſcriminate uſefulneſs, to which the optics of common opinion ſtrain, dilate, and contract in vain, to reach and take it in.

Struck and hurt I oft have been, I muſt confeſs, to ſee at Bath, how ſuperficially, but perfectly *in ton*, quite in the lubricity of faſhion, the

In this way, likewiſe, we ſhould not need ſyſtematic lectures on animation, which can never have any other effect, however ingeniouſly conceived, or happily put into language, than to embarraſs the underſtanding, diſtract preſence of mind; and which will require every *country apothecary*, and his *aſſiſtant*, to be a Dr. HAWES, in the celebrated art of reanimation.—Such provincial, urban ſocieties, ſhould ſeem now peculiarly neceſſary and patriotic, when whole multitudes have been drawn away from agriculture, manufactures, arts, and—deſtroyed—in carrying on an inteſtine, inglorious war: a war not outdone by any among Pagan nations, for injuſtice, cruelty and ſavageneſs.

Such

the practice of phyſic is conducted. Obſtinately attached to antiquated maxims of the ſchools, it blunders as much now as it did a thouſand years ago: while phyſicians, flattered and idolized by the apothecaries, give genteel, catching *names* to diſorders (having no time to conſider the *nature* of them) to win upon the unthinking, and deceive the ſimple. Often have I, with ſenſations of pity (deeply felt) obſerved phyſicians of gravity, years, and profeſſional learning, attend at the pump while their patients were gulping over their glaſſes of elemental water (ſimply heated in paſſing through certain calefactive ſtrata in the bowels of the earth) with an anxious ſignificance of look, a ſettled

Such ſocieties would ſo reduce and ſimplify the practice of phyſic, that no profeſſional man ſhould find his account (a bleſſed circumſtance!) in running the riſk of eventually killing and curing patients, according as he may have happened (at random) to hit of, or miſtake their caſes. At random it muſt ever be, as he has no leading, liberal data, clearly perceived in his mind, to prevent his doing extreme miſchief, wherever he is employed.

Another notable reaſon for apothecaries being employed, as phyſicians, is the circumſtance of Ladies employing them, inſtead of women, in deliveries.—Becauſe an apothecary does what any woman, properly inſtructed, *may* and *ought* to do, he is thenceforth to be conſidered as the phyſician of the family; and on account of being inſtrumental, *as a moſt diſtant*

ſettled importance of countenance, as if patients, at the alternate riſk of life or death, were under the ſurgeon's knife for a ſtone, or the Cæſarian operation. This *Bathonian farce*, is a mockery of the healing art, a perfect burleſque thrown upon a noble ſcience, and moſt uſeful profeſſion.—One wiſe, upright phyſician, acting on a ſimplicity of motive and plan, would be ſufficient for Bath. Inſtead of one ſuch true preſiding medical Deity, I ſuppoſe there are a dozen ſpurious Deities, at leaſt, in that city; with a dozen and an half flamens, or prieſts, called apothecaries, burning falſe incenſe at their ſhrines. Theſe, forming a medico-pharmacuitic hierarchy, do more harm, than all the medicinal waters and baths in Chriſtendom can do, or ever have done good.

It ſhould ſeem a poor conſolation to patients, getting out of the hands of phyſicians, and, in many

diſtant ſecond to Nature, in bringing lives *into* the world, he becomes entitled and qualified to ſend many *out of* the world! This is a ſhameful buſineſs; and proves, with all our politeneſs, poliſh of manners, and elegance of life, that we lack common diſcernment, and common circumſpection.

This brings me to an excellent inſtitution in Scotland. Scotland can boaſt many excellencies, notwithſtanding, backed by *her clergy*, ſhe was one of the firſt and principal promoters

many inſtances, no ſooner getting out of them than beginning to recover, to fall into their hands again at Bath. Surely, if phyſicians could cure them, they needed not have come to Bath; and, if the waters are to cure their diſorders, they need not the attendance of phyſicians. But the truth is, that the waters themſelves require a doctor to correct their *bad* effects, or to aſſiſt their *negative* ones, by the adminiſtration of active medicines. Thus between phyſicians and waters, waters and phyſicians, half the conſtitutions of the genteel part of England, aſſiſted by the faithful, humble allies of

promoters of the horrid and deſtructive civil war in America. Women, *there*, have a regular univerſity education, for the practice of midwifry; and undertake the office with a degree of knowledge and ability ſeldom excelled by any *male* practitioner of the obſtetric art. The inſtitution does Scotland much credit; and it ought, undoubtedly, to be adopted by every nation, jealous of the honour and delicacy of the ſex. Where women-midwives are procurable, and, at the ſame time, *male* are employed, I cannot but think the amiable ſex, who employ the latter, have loſt much of that moral purity of ſentiment, and chaſte ſanctity of manners, which ought ever religiouſly to be held the characteriſtic excellence and glory of the fair. A caſe will now and then occur, I allow, to require a ſurgeon's dexterity and ſkill: but neceſſity in ſuch caſes ſets all other rules aſide, and is its own compleat juſtification. What, however, can juſtify man-midwifry in ordinary? Nothing but what will equally

of both, the apothecaries, receive ſhocks they never recover, or ſeaſon after ſeaſon are politely trifled with; inſomuch that in numberleſs inſtances, neceſſarily conſequent upon this faſhionable routine of practice, youth ſtops ſhort of manhood, and is carried to the grave; manhood of age; and age of old age: the laſt of which is the death our Creator intended mankind to die; finely expreſſed in the Old Teſtament, by a man being "gathered to his fathers;" and in the New, by his "falling aſleep." Moſt premature deaths, deaths ſtopping ſhort of old age, are owing to *vice*, or to *drugs*.

All this time, phyſicians and apothecaries, eſpecially thoſe who have the popular tide in

 their

equally ſerve to juſtify every deviation from that correct ſtandard of female purity and decorum, which is the ſureſt guard of connubial fidelity and proof of religious refinement. I have often been aſtoniſhed what vulgar, awkward, clumſy fellows of apothecaries, have been permitted to approach the Ladies, in the niceſt circumſtances of female ſituation, when one of the ſex, commonly inſtructed, might have done all that was to be done. Huſbands, in ſuch caſes, are idle, unconcerned acquieſcents: but, for my part, I cannot but think ſuch a conduct an indelicate careleſſneſs about the companions of their boſoms, which does them little honour, and cannot but ſubſtract from that ſentimental zeſt of conjugal felicity, without which marriage is nothing more than —the mere perpetuating of the ſpecies.—I muſt confeſs, before

their favour, with no degree of real merit ſuperior to thoſe who have not, as all preſcribe from *one medical Creed*, get rich daily, live in the higheſt ſtyles of taſte and elegance, and leave immenſe fortunes for their relations. I have taken up this ſubject on the broad bottom of philanthropy, and religious principle; without the direction of which, whatever be our ſyſtems or popularity, we cannot but ever err and go aſtray from rectitude.

I have often thought, that profeſſional men taking their rules of practice from one fixt ſtandard, and for which they early conceived a prejudice on account of their natural reverence for the profeſſors whom they attended, who took it as *their* guide, and expounded its leading principles with deciſive authority, will oftener act

fore I would allow even the moſt tender and delicate of my own ſex to attend the woman I loved, when ſhe was about to commence her ſweeteſt relationſhip to me, that of a mother, except with a well-grounded confidence in his ſkill, ſhould her life happen to depend on its exertions, I could wiſh never to be married.

I know *man-midwifry* has the ſanction of cuſtom, and the countenance of faſhion: but cuſtom and faſhion are parents of every thing vile and abominable. Under their patronage the world has grown ſo bad as it is. And it cannot be worſe,

act wrong than right. Every man, muſt be a diſſentient from common opinions, to be uſeful. If he only act as the world acts, he muſt be wrong: the world, in general, is wrong.—The beſt perſons that have ever graced our earth, or added true dignity to our nature, were the moſt ſingular of all men; I mean, Chriſt and his Apoſtles. Had they been otherwiſe than ſingular characters, we ſhould not have had ſo chaſte and ſublime a manual of ethic duty as Chriſtianity. If I am *like* my neighbour, I cannot be *better* than my neighbour: and if unlike, I muſt be better or worſe than he of courſe. The alternative is indiſpenſible. Singularity, therefore, accompanied by talents, deep, contemplative ſtudy, and diſintereſtedneſs, is the mark of Heaven on human character; a glitter of transfiguration on the robes and countenance of man.

Uniformity

worſe, in the general outline, unleſs by laying aſide certain forms of poliſhed addreſs, and artificial courteſy, and become once more ſavage and barbarian.—But this note muſt reſume its firſt object.

Becauſe a man is profeſſionally employed where he ought not to be (in ordinary) and does what any female, with common information, is competent to do, he is by his employers eſteemed and treated as a phyſician, though entirely deſtitute of academical learning and clinical education. The world

is

Uniformity in eſtabliſhed bodies, whether civil or eccleſiaſtical, has ever been the ſource of general corruption, or decadence of manners. The reaſon is obvious. Whatever is eſtabliſhed is tied up, confined to a particular ſpot, cannot move forward; at leaſt, not until the ſun turns round the earth, inſtead of the earth round the ſun. Every inſtitution, whether regarding religion, ethics, politics, juriſprudence, profeſſional ſcience, &c. if not in motion, muſt neceſſarily be at a ſtand, or only move as a *buoy* moves. If it ſtand ſtill, then it is good for nought, more than the hand of a clock or watch *ſtopping*, in conſequence of the main ſpring of the machine,

is verging towards ſix thouſand years old, yet it is ſtill in its cradle of thought, its leading-ſtrings of reflection. I ſhall illuſtrate the truth, contained in this note, by a *ſad* example, known particularly to the town of Newark, but which might have happened any where, and moſt probably often happens in other places. It is with pleaſure I take every opportunity to let the reader know how this world goes, eſpecially, that circle or ſphere of it within which I profeſſionally move.

The apothecaries of Newark ſtill go on, I am ſorry to ſay, againſt all light and evidence, in their profeſſion. So far from being convinced, they have been inveterated in ignorance, by every attempt to enlighten them. They run the hazard of *killing*, by being unacquainted with the means of *ſaving*, as little touched by *remorſe* as when they go to the field to *hit* or *miſs* a partridge, or a woodcock.—I have often

machine having loſt its elaſticity. How uſeful, then, muſt the ſingular character be, who ſets aſide ſuch *motionleſs* eſtabliſhments.

Every one under obligations and promiſes to a particular eſtabliſhed body, *muſt* flatter and humour that body, elſe be disfranchiſed, or diſregarded. Is this the way to be uſeful to the world? Alas! it is benefiting a part to the injury of the whole. A part can never think, judge, or feel for the whole: otherwiſe the old philoſophy is renewed, and the ſun, centrically ſituated, inſtead of moving round himſelf, turns round one of his extreme points. Hence it would appear, that ſingularity will ſave, uniformity ruin the world!

The

ten ſaid that the circumſtance of a patient's dying in the hands of a phyſician, regularly educated, ſtudious in retirement, ſtrictly moral in his character, diſintereſted in principle, and ſerious and ſteady in his general deportment, is ever a ſufficient foundation of comfort to the friends and relatives of the deceaſed; *becauſe* they have all the aſſurance the caſe admits of, or the utmoſt attainable extent of human knowledge authorizes, that nothing was neglected, overdone, or underdone, *to ſave the patient*. But how is it with reſpect to the apothecaries? They take the charge of patients without any preparatory inſtruction how to treat them; conſequently, if they recover, their conſtitutions have of themſelves effected the cure, nineteen caſes out of twenty; and ſhould they die, their deaths are juſtly to be laid at the door

The ſun is the moſt ſingular phenomenon in nature. It alone gives light: all things elſe are diſpoſed and tend to darkneſs. Did the ſun make one of the common aggregate number, we ſhould have no light.

The premiſes are applicable to a particular inſtance, that of the royal college of phyſicians. As having a uniformity of data, or primi linii, the members are impriſoned in their own ideas, mechanical in their reſolves, ſcientifically myſterious in matters only cognizable by Common Senſe, and of courſe muſt be random practitioners, on obſolete axioms and aphoriſms.

Dr.

door of theſe preſumptuous men. As the greateſt abilities, and academical qualifications are *ſometimes* at a loſs to reſtore the health and prolong the life of man; doubtleſs, where *ſmall* abilities, and *no* academical qualification, take place, practitioners muſt *always* be at a loſs, therefore, always in the act of profeſſionally KILLING their fellow creatures. Should patients die in the hands of the former, every mouth ſhould be ſtopt, from decency, and a correct ſtandard of judging: if in thoſe of the latter, every mouth ſhould be opened from a ſympathetic ſenſibility of wrong, and a tender regard for the lives of the human ſpecies, and the peace and happineſs of families.

Who would employ an attorney as a counſellor; a counſellor as a puiſne judge; or a puiſne judge as a lord chancellor? Who would employ a deacon as a clerk; a clerk as a vicar; a vicar as a rector; a rector as an archdeacon; an

Dr. Lee's veneration for the ſociety he is a member of, ſoon appears; and it is a veneration which will probably *bias* him in his profeſſional line as long as he lives. He ſhould have begun his medical career, I humbly think, with a veneration for nothing but his own ſucceſs in buſineſs, ſanctified by a competency of time duly to aſcertain it. His pamphlet is addreſſed "to the preſident and cenſors of the royal college of phyſicians, in London." Surely any meeting of London phyſicians at a coffee-houſe, or tavern, equal in number of members to the royal college,

an archdeacon as a dean; a dean as a biſhop; or a biſhop as an archbiſhop?—The decorum and etiquette of ſtates keep theſe diſtinct and apart, in inſtances where only mere *property* and *abſtract opinion* are concerned: ſhall then, in caſes where life and death are immediately at ſtake, the apothecary, overleaping the initiatory mediums of learning, academical erudition, clinical obſervation, and noſocomic experience, commence phyſician at once, and in ſpite of every incapacitation, preſcribe for the lives of hundreds, every one of which may be more valuable than his own?

But, after all, apothecaries are not *wholly* to blame.—Phyſicians are highly culpable who, for the mean and pitiful increaſe of *gain*, CONSULT with the apothecaries, and make no remarks on their miſtakes and miſcarriages. I ſay conſult, for a phyſician taking the hiſtory of a patient's previous treatment from the mouth of an apothecary, and ſays nothing cenſuring of it; approves of it, conſequently, acts on a level with him in all reſpects. His not allowing the apothecary

college, would be equal to it in *every* ſenſe: for I am confident, Dr. Lee has too much good ſenſe to ſuppoſe, that a charter from the crown can inſpire men with ability and knowledge.

Indeed, the interference of the crown, in literature and ſcience, otherwiſe than by rewarding individuals who excel in either, is not the moſt uſeful or liberal ſpecimen of royal prerogative: the crown ſhould leave all matters of learning and knowledge, at large; and never be induced by people's good opinion of themſelves, to grant them charters of excluſive privileges and honours, which ſhould only be the purchaſe of modeſt, unſoliciting, perſonal deſert.

Dr.

apothecary to preſcribe afterward, makes no difference between them, as the apothecary took a ſimilar liberty with the phyſician, by preventing him from preſcribing, as long as he choſe to keep the right of excluſive preſcription in his own hands. Till the real phyſician was ſent for, the apothecary acted to all intents and purpoſes as one; and the *preferable* one too, by taking the management of the diſeaſe in the beginning, and latterly only calling the other in as the poor patient's *forlorn hope*, and *ſcape goat* for himſelf.—On which ſide the fault lies heavieſt, that of phyſicians or apothecaries, is eaſily determined by this conſideration, that the former move in the higheſt profeſſional ſphere, and ſhould therefore, take the lead in matters of decorum, ſentiment, integrity and honour. When it is not ſo, their education is a diſgrace to them, they break their inaugural oath

Dr. Lee tells the preſident and cenſors (page iv) "If you, who are competent judges of the utility which the following narrative might be of, eſpecially to young practitioners, will favour it with your ſanction; others, I flatter myſelf, will receive it well." Now, here is the misfortune of incorporated bodies, in matters of ſcience; they are looked up to, in their chartered capacity, as a ſort of teſt or ſtandard, eſtimated by which, the merit of practice, and utility of publications, are to ſtand or fall.—But, ſurely, gentlemen being preſidents or cenſors of a literary, or profeſſional club, is no reaſon why we ſhould conſider them as wiſer, or more learned than others, who may have had the

 ſame

oath, and, in partnerſhip with the apothecaries, impoſe upon the people, and pick their pockets.

The people are alſo to blame in this matter. Indeed the people are *always* to blame, if they permit *any* profeſſion, from a king's to a cobler's, to be exerciſed to their prejudice and hurt. Poſſeſſed of common diſcernment, and a common ſenſe of ſelf-preſervation, they would never ſend for an apothecary in the firſt inſtance, in places where a phyſician is to be had. The former ſhould never but be behind his counter, to wait the preſcriptions of the latter, inſtead of bowing and ſcraping to him in the bedchambers of patients. In place of this, people ſend for him, becauſe he and his wife are good kind of folks; happen to be related to them, by the mere *accidents* of birth or marriage; are ever

at

ſame academical opportunities of acquiring uſeful knowledge as they. Nor ſhould the circumſtance of their being *faſhionable town phyſicians*, charioteered from night to morning in the wide circle of *haſty* practice, be conſidered as any thing in their favour.

Popularity, in phyſic, generally ariſes from the mereſt accidents. A perſon of rank and extenſive acquaintance, happening to recover in the hands of a phyſician, moſt probably, ſeven caſes out of ten, by the native energies of his her or *conſtitution* is quite ſufficient, in blind proceſs of time, to put him at the head of the profeſſion. He thenceforth becomes the idol-god of the town; and it is conſidered, of courſe (eſpecially

at their card-party calls; and are flatteringly attentive, on a thouſand frivolous occaſions. For a like reaſon, they ought to employ a printer of prayer-books, for the clergyman who reads them; the ſeller of parchment, for the attorney who writes on it; and the attorney, who only writes, for the counſellor who pleads. In this moſt prepoſterous line of buſineſs, is it any wonder that the practice of phyſic ſhould be embarraſſed, tedious, odiouſly diſtaſteful, and ſo often attended with ill ſucceſs?—One local inſtance ſhall conclude theſe remarks. Though local and ſomewhat perſonally referable to me, it has many examples and analogies, I am perſuaded, through the kingdom.

The inſtance I am to produce (I could produce a ſcore, in the ſame diſagreeable line of evidence, had I room in this publication)

(eſpecially among the *Ladies*, who cannot know more of what forms a good phyſician—pardon me, ye gentle Fair—than they know what forms the northern lights or ſolar ſpots) as downright medical high treaſon or blaſphemy, to ſpeak a word, nay to whiſper half a word, againſt his Galenic godſhip.

Dr. Lee's publication ſhould truſt to its own intrinſic merits, for the good opinion of medical readers, and not to any extra recommendation. I am ſorry he ſhould have appealed to any other than the former. As a ſcholar and phyſician, he ſhould have a dignified confidence in himſelf, and not borrow conſequence from a body

publication) ſhows human nature in a moſt unfavourable light; and tends to prove to what little purpoſe the amiable rules of the Goſpel have been laid before mankind. I am ſorry to make the remark, but I really believe few ever think of reading the New Teſtament (a book the moſt excellent of all others in the world) being ſo taken up with the cares of this life, and ardently bent on making money. Surely, if people read it, they would be afraid to tranſgreſs its rules, even in trifles, much more to violate its eſſential laws.—Other books may be read, or not, as people like, and without blame; but, I am perſuaded, it is not only diſreſpectful to Heaven, but a high matter of blame in itſelf, to neglect reading the Bible, ſo as not to be a maſter of its precepts and inſtructions. If maſter of them in their ſimplicity, and full force, it is impoſſible but the individual muſt be a *good man*, and endeavour to do all the good he *can*. Soon

body of men, who, in right and juſtice, have no authority to give judgment on *any* ſubject, more than any other aſſociating bodies.

—miſerum eſt alienæ incumbere famæ,
Ne collapſa ruant ſubductis tecta columnis.

I could wiſh to treat Dr. Lee with the utmoſt candour and friendſhip; but would have him ſeriouſly to conſider, that he ſubſtracts as much merit from his performance, by the act of addreſſing it to the royal college, as he, no doubt, wiſhed to be reflected upon it from thence.—His opinion that, in conſequence of the preſident and cenſors thinking well of it, the medical world, eſpecially *young* practitioners, will be induced to think well of it alſo, ſhows a marked want of ſelf-veneration. My good friend

Soon after my arrival in Newark, Mr. *Milnes*, the apothecary, *had me called in* to a Mr. T—r—r, in the agonies of ſtone and gravel. I found it a moſt obſtinate, dangerous caſe; but had the pleaſure of recovering him from the fit in a few days; and, as is always my cuſtom, put him upon a regimen, and recommended the occaſional uſe of a particular medicine, which would certainly have greatly aſſiſted to keep off returns of the dreadful malady.—But, like moſt other people, in ſimilar caſes of reſtored health, Mr. T—r depended upon it alone, and the ſtrength of his conſtitution, independent of their preſervatives.

Some months after, he was again attacked. During this interval,

friend and countryman will pardon me for ſaying, that the deduction by no means follows the premiſes. There can be no teſt for the individual, but *that* individual's own underſtanding. Every other is an illegal embargo on the progreſs of thinking, and the extenſion of knowledge; what I would fondly perſuade myſelf, neither Dr. Lee, nor any other liberal enquirer into medical truth, would deſire to lay on.

If medical readers are to give up their reaſon and faith to any royal college of phyſicians whatever, they with equal propriety and expedience, may give up, as men, their freedom to a civil tyrant; their ideas of equity to an attorney; and their every hope and expectation of eternal

interval, Mr. *Milnes* behaved ſo uncommonly ill, as one of the apothecaries I occaſionally employed, that I was under the neceſſity of diſmiſſing him from attending with me, and likewiſe of exhibiting him to the public *as he is*, in a book which has gone through two editions. Upon this ſecond attack, he brought Dr. Buck (in my place) without the knowledge or previous conſent of the patient. He recovered this attack, moſt likely by my method, or one ſimilar to it; as in the treatment of all diſorders, there can be but *one right* and *one wrong*. The ſucceſs of a method is a proof of its being right: mine had been ſucceſsful. Notwithſtanding Dr. Buck became my ſubſtitute, I treated Mr. T—r—r, after his recovery, as formerly. Indeed I was happy to ſee him well, and in a capacity for buſineſs. I have

eternal happineſs, to prieſts, who are often no better men than themſelves; and that they are not ſo *oftener*, ſhould ſeem a poor compliment to their SACRED ORDER.

Dr. Lee begins his narrative of a ſingular gouty caſe, in the following terms. "Among the many inſtances recorded *in* the hiſtory of medicine, of the dangerous ſymptoms which happen *in* conſequence of *interrupting nature in* her operations, there is not one (*in* my opinion) *in* which more extraordinary *effects* have been produced, than *in* the preſent; and which might throw an additional light *in* (on) the treatment of GOUTY

have no idea of following the unmanly, unpitying, ſordid example of thoſe, who look ſour, gloomy and ſullen at people diſcontinuing to be their patients (from that right of judgment and free agency, which belongs to every man, and is his beſt poſſeſſion) and ſhutting their mouths in ſilent ſpite againſt the common forms of decent civility.

Some weeks ago, Mr. T—r—r was ſeized with unuſual ſymptoms (accompanying his old complaint) which indicated an attack upon his intellects; he talked wildly and incoherently, and could ſcarcely be brought to ſubmit to advice and management. In this alarming ſtate, Mrs. T—r waited herſelf upon Mr. *Milnes*, intreating him to viſit her huſband immediately, deſcribing his ſituation in affecting terms. No! he would not go; nor did he name any other aſſiſtance he ought to have in his place. She did not take a firſt or ſecond denial; but ceaſed not to importune *him* with all

GOUTY diſorders." Eight *ins* in one ſhort paragraph. But *the ins* often become *the outs:* witneſs the laſt and preſent adminiſtration. Indeed, I muſt be permitted to obſerve, that the *ſcientific ins here, ought to be the outs.*

There is ſomething to be ſet right in the threſhold of this buſineſs. Shall a peculiar ſecretion by the kidnies and bladder, be called a gouty diſorder? As well may uncommon ſudations by the ſkin, or thoſe confined partially to the feet; an habitual freedom of the bowels; increaſed ſecretion of urine; an anthrax; the ſcurvy; eryſipelas; angina, &c. be conſidered under the denomination of gouty diſorders.

To

all that earneſtneſs we may ſuppoſe to agitate a good wife, frighted and alarmed about the ſafety, nay the life of her huſband.—He continued inexorable to the voice of intreaty and ſupplication; and, at length, to hear no more on ſo grating a ſubject, though at the ſummons of pity and a profeſſion, flung himſelf away into another room, with an air of abrupt haughtineſs.—Now, gentle reader, with the fulneſs of the heart narrowing your cheſt, and compaſſion's tear ſtarting in your eye, what can you ſuppoſe was the reaſon for ſuch cruel and inſulting behaviour to a *woman*, in anxiety and diſtreſs about the life of her huſband? If you know not Mr. *Milnes*, you cannot gueſs; therefore I will tell you: it was this. I UNFORTUNATELY HAD RECOVERED Mrs. T—R—R, ABOUT A FORTNIGHT BEFORE, FROM AN ILLNESS OF A SERIOUS AND ALARMING KIND. —This was the cauſe, O reader, that *this man*, paſt the meridian

To ſpeak in the accuracy of language and of ſcience, as commonly received: the podagra, or gout, is a ſwelled, inflamed, pained big toe: now, in what manner a ſediment in the urine, offenſive to the ſmell, like glew diſſolved in conſiſtence, and approaching to a pea-green colour, can be juſtly denominated *the gout*, which, in its apparent ſtate, is a diſorder of the ſurface; or how it can throw additional light on the treatment of gouty diſorders, is, to me, quite a myſtery, and nowhere attempted to be explained by Dr. Lee.—"Gouty diſorders," is, I muſt be allowed to ſay, a vague, unexplicit term.—A gouty diſorder *is* the gout, which firſt muſt be viſible, before it can be truly called ſo. An apoplexy

ridian of life, and approaching the grave, where no *gold can accompany him*—bleſſed place!) as faſt as time can travel, refuſed a profeſſional call, beſide being an obvious one of humanity and religion.

And here let me obſerve, as it is a matter of ſerious conſequence, that no medical man has a *right* to refuſe *any* call. He is a public ſervant, and not his own maſter, till he formally relinquiſhes the profeſſion, and gives *public* notice of it. How can a man fall aſleep at night, in peace, after having ſaid the Lord's prayer, when he has *deliberately* refuſed a call of duty, of common neighbourhood and mercy? I know places where *ſuch* a perſon, by *ſuch* an act, would loſe his buſineſs, and be pointed at as a Pagan or Savage, and not a Chriſtian.—MANY A MAN HAS LOST HIS HEAD FOR A LESS OFFENCE.

apoplexy may, with no leſs propriety, be termed a gout in the brain, than that ſtomach pain or affection, which ſometimes kills in a moment, a gout in the ſtomach. The want of diſcrimination in *terms*, always ariſes from a want of preciſion in ideas. Dr. Lee will excuſe me for expreſſing my opinion, that he has not conſidered the ſubject he treats of, with ſufficient depth of thought, and accuracy of definition.

That the interruption, or retropulſion of diſorders, tending to the ſurface, is always and cannot but be attended with dangerous conſequences, I am happy to coincide in opinion with Dr. Lee: but to the extent of the doctrine,

A week after poor Mr. T—r—r's firſt attack, having been all that time abandoned by his apothecary, I went to ſee him as a friend, and found his ſtate a moſt deplorable one beyond deſcription! He was ſhouting out in the extremity of pain; greatly ſwelled from the inteſtinal and urinary paſſages being wholly blocked up; he had a ſtaring fierceneſs in his eyes, with an uncommon protuberance of the globes of each; his cheeks were like to burſt, with a ſuffuſion of ſcarlet over them I had never before ſeen; his variations of poſture (nearly involuntary) ſudden and diſturbed, pointed out intenſe inward ſufferings; but though all over pained and ſore, the principal places he complained of were the region of the kidneys, and the lower rim of the abodomen: he could receive ſcarce any nouriſhment, or even drink, unleſs the latter mixt with no ſmall quantity of

as conceived of by me, I doubt much if this gentleman, or, indeed, any of his brethren will follow me. I conſider every thing that ſoothes and coaxes a diſorder, without giving it a viſible diſcharge from the ſyſtem, as *interuptative* and *repulſory:* in which claſs I include *all* alteratives, and mineral waters, without even excepting Dr. Lee's favourite ſprings, thoſe of Bath, which every Bath phyſician muſt of courſe extol, or elſe get no buſineſs. But this is not the place

of ſpirits, his ſtomach throwing them up again with great violence; yet in a ſituation ſo dreadful, ſtrange as it may appear, his pulſe, except a perceivable intermiſſion now and then, was little altered from the uſual firmneſs and ſedateneſs of health, and his tongue was moiſt and well coloured: as to his urine, no obſervation could be made on it, as it only came away from him in drops. In ſuch a combination of deſperate circumſtances, circumſtances, with others too numerous for recital in this note, which had never occurred to me before in any other caſe, the firſt indication was to open the paſſages. This was not effectually done for forty hours, notwithſtanding the moſt potent purging and diuretic medicines were adminiſtered, with no ſparing hand, aſſiſted by repeated glyſters and fomentations. Indeed the effect of all theſe were conſiderably retarded by the neceſſity I was under of giving the tortured patient anodynes to render the excruciating miſery he endured ſufferable, attended with piercing cries and groans, audible to the neighbourhood. *Tinct. thebaic. Gut.* xxx. had no effect. I was oblige to increaſe his opiate to *Gutt.* lx. at a time; and even this gave him but inconſiderable alleviations of torture. When the paſſages were at length forced the

place for ſuch a diſquiſition at large. It occupies a conſiderable portion of another work.—I will be excuſed, however, for obſerving in this place, that there are thirty reſpectable claſſes of people which particularly ſupport the character and credit of the Bath waters, all of whom, I am convinced, found their judgment on *one principle*. Theſe are (to begin with the faculty and their ſuit) phyſicians; chymiſts; apothecaries; undertakers; coffin-makers; dry-eyed ſextons; (and to finiſh with the ton, or gay world and their

the conſequence only exhibited a deadly train of ſymptoms; particularly, black fœtid ſtools, which indicated a mortification begun in ſome internal part, probably both the liver and kidnies. This dangerous diſcharge afterwards came away unknown to him, but for the moſt part ſtillicidiouſly. In ſuch a ſtate, he could not laſt long; the art of medicine was at a ſtand; Heaven alone had to interpoſe in the way of miracle; and pity to drop a ſilent tear. He became ſpeechleſs and apparently inſenſible, ſcarcely moving any part of him but his eyes, for many hours before he died. Indeed, he rather ſobbed and ſlept away gently, than endured the ſtruggles of diſſolution, as is moſtly the caſe in mortifications of the liver and kidnies. His manner of dying was exactly ſimilar to that of a young lady mentioned in my Caſes in Medicine. She was rather thought aſleep than dying, before I ſaw her, and that too from an over-doſe of laudanum. Stones or gravel forcing a paſſage, but unable to do it, through the renal ducts, brought on a mortification in both caſes, terminating in an eaſy death. I mention this particularly, that practitioners may not miſtake a dying for a ſleeping ſtate, or fit of lethargy.

their ſuit) maſters of the ceremonies; proprietors of the room-houſe; landlords; board and lodging keepers; coffee-houſe keepers; circulating library keepers; gamblers by trade; exhibitioners; milliners; fruiterers; confectioners; perfumers; innkeepers; chaiſe-hirers; waſh-women; bathing women; bell-ringers; ſedan-men; friſſieurs; fidlers; waiters; candle-ſnuffers; and—though laſt not leaſt—Lady Huntingdon's chaplains and ſaints, and the Iriſh clergy.—But to return.

How

I am not diſinclined to think, that, in all human probability, had proper meaſures been taken, eight days before I ſaw him, that is, at the time Mr. *Milnes* was implored to wait on him, Mr. T—r—r would have recovered, as he did from his firſt attack when I attended him, but little differing from his laſt (at the beginning) except the circumſtance of his underſtanding being greatly affected: but *eight days loſt*, in a caſe ſo urgent, extraordinary and threatening, were not to be recovered by any human means; while I cannot but regret, at the ſame time that I would pointedly ſtigmatize, that ſteeled inſenſibility of heart which could repeatedly reſiſt a call of common compaſſion, and profeſſional honour; aggravated, if any thing could aggravate the renunciation of the firſt noble principles of our being, by the additional circumſtance (kind and pitying reader!) of this man's letting the late Mr. T—r—r know, that he ſhould employ him no longer. The intimation I found hung on his ſpirits, and did not help to lighten the load of bodily diſtreſs under which he laboured. He had been employed by Mr. *Milnes* in building a houſe for him in the country.

Many

How *gum guaiacum* (ſee page 2.) *ſalt of amber, germander, groundpine, Chio turpentine, duke of Portland's powder, Bate's antipodagric pills,* or any other quieſcent, alterative compound, or ſimple, ſhould have powers to interrupt or delay the gout, I confeſs myſelf utterly at a loſs to comprehend. It may be ſaid in reply, that *facts* cannot be contradicted. But what are ſo *named,* muſt be *proved to be ſo,* and independent too of accompanying regimen, and external applications. There is but one poſſible way I can conceive, that ſuch medicines (I mean noſtrums: *medicines* they are not) can have the power to procraſtinate fits of the gout, that is, by their rendering the body *coſtive*; a temperament which more

Many reflections tread on the heels of the foregoing narrative (which I have Mrs. T—r—r's kind leave to make public) but they are to be at preſent reſtrained. One queſtion, however, muſt be aſked. Becauſe on the moſt full and ſolid grounds, I no longer employ Mr. *Milnes* as my apothecary, is that a reaſon *he* ſhould throw off human nature, and have no common bowels of tender mercy for his fellow-creatures?—This caſe, according to baſe cuſtom, has been mentioned diſadvantageouſly for me, with equal indecency and untruth. I wiſhed to have cruſhed the ſerpent in the egg; but as it appears to be hatched, and getting teeth, as they riſe they ſhall be broke, one after another. If the apothecaries continue, in order vainly to oppoſe me, to diſcover as little common ſenſe, as prudence, I have ample materials in my hands (more than ever) to expoſe their groſs profeſſional ignorance and miſtakes.

more or leſs, always prevents every niſus or tendency to the ſurface and extremities. Indeed the thing is ſelf-evinced: for if the humours are detained, or in a ſtagnated ſtate *within*, from whatever cauſe (which makes up the idea of *coſtiveneſs*) they cannot appear *outwardly*, ſo as to form either a diſeaſe of the ſkin, or the articulations. Independent of this ſingle antipodagric cauſe, I could wiſh Dr. Lee would explain after what manner any thing, dormant and inactive in the conſtitution, can either forward or retard. It is a point worthy of his moſt ſober inveſtigation; and what I could wiſh to ſee diſcuſſed with ability and impartiality.—But to continue the conſideration of an important ſubject.

An interval of two years, in gouty habits, is by no means extraordinary; eſpecially, when patients verge towards age; in which caſe, the remiſſions become longer, and the attacks leſs ſevere. Notwithſtanding this, I can recollect arthritic perſons who have had ſtated ſmart returns of gout, on the down-hill ſide of 70.—But ſuch inſtances are rare. The writer has been ſubject to the gout a long while, but his, generally, is a triennial one, though yet not turned the hill of life. He always perfectly

recovers

recovers, by the means of bliſters, on or near the ſpot; without ſuffering any aggregation of chalky matter, to enfeeble and cripple the limb. So that it ſhould ſeem moſt probable, that Dr. Lee's patient, having a receſs of two years from the gout, was owing to a particular epoch of his conſtitution, which wanted vigour and energy to form a regular fit; and not to the pills, which, as obſerved before, could not act beyond themſelves, poſſeſſing only non-ſignificant neutral powers.

It is remarkable, that the gout *never* accompanies any internal ulceration or diſcharge of a periodical kind: indeed I may add alſo, any external eruption, ulceration, or diſcharge. The reaſon (explained) cannot but be obvious to the meaneſt underſtanding. Where there is a weak morbid part in the way of the gouty humour moving downward, it ſtops there, and cannot paſs it. The conducting medium is deſtroyed, and what would otherwiſe have formed a gouty paroxyſm, paſſes off aſſimilated with the diſcharge from the ulcerated ſoft part. A leaden pipe, if corroded into holes, in a particular part, cannot convey the water onward; but lets it paſs off where the injury has been received.

The

The gentleman's diſorder, called a *ſtrangury*, was moſt likely a partial ulceration of the neck of the bladder, the conſequence of which was, the fœtid diſcharge a few days afterward. Moſt offenſive in ſmell it could not have been, without a previous ulceration. What effect boluſes (the vileſt form of medicines in the ſhop) of *ſper. cet. nit. gum. ar.* and *ſoap*, could have in recovering him, I cannot ſee. Such greaſy, viſcid ſubſtances, are never taken into the blood, which they muſt have been, and gone the round of the circulation, before they could reach the bladder, to relax and lubricate it. But even ſuppoſing them to have entered the lacteals, and got into the ſanguineous circulation, ſurely their relaxing, lubricating power muſt have been left behind, in the various glandular percolations and changes they muſt have paſt through, before their arrival from the kidnies to the bladder.

The fact is, all ſuch ſubſtances act only on the *primæ viæ*, and that hurtfully too, by loading the ſtomach; palling the appetite; increaſing the tenacious gluten which lines the guts, and abounds viciouſly in moſt conſtitutions; and taking the place of better adapted preſcriptions. I know that Dr. Lee is not ſingular in uſing ſuch unctuous articles, to act upon the bladder;

it

it is the practice of the royal college of phyſicians, and through them of the whole faculty: but I likewiſe know that, this uniformity is the grand error in medicine; one phyſician preſcribing in the trammels of another, from faſhion and habit, forms a *profeſſional team*, which has been drawn on the high road of phyſic, by every medical man (almoſt) ſince the days of Hippocrates.

Farther, ſuch greaſy medicines cannot be conveyed to the bladder by obſorption, as the particles they conſiſt of are too viſcid and bulky to be taken in by thoſe inconceivably ſmall orifices, called the obſorbents. As to nitre, it is one of the moſt inſignificant articles, if not pernicious, in the materia medica. Becauſe it excites ſomething like a ſenſation of coldneſs in the mouth, it is *learnedly* inferred it muſt check internal heat, and the velocity of the moving fluids occaſioned by it. How eaſily are men of ſenſe and letters led aſtray from the mere circumſtance of not exerciſing thought, or being at the trouble to *examine* things taken for granted from time immemorial!

For the ſame reaſon that nitre is to cool the blood or febrile heat, from the ſenſe of frigidity

perceived in the mouth when it is taken, ſugar, felt ſweet in the mouth, ſhould *ſweeten* the blood; bitters, thus orally aſcertained, render it *bitter*; and acids *acid*. Let nitre, that boaſted frigorific, be diſſolved in warm water, and taken warm; what would be its effect on the guſtatory nerve? A ſenſation of *heat* undoubtedly. Thus it fares with nitre, reſpecting its refrigerant effects on the circulating fluids: when taken into the ſtomach, which is always warm (and additionally ſo from the acceſſion of fever and heated juices) it becomes warm itſelf, inſtead of preſerving its coldneſs.

Ice is felt more intenſely cold than nitre on the tongue: is ice good in fevers, to abate exacerbations of internal heat? I allow it, as good as nitre, which coſts patients ſo much money, paſſing through the hands of the original proprietor, the importer, the druggiſt, the apothecary, and (with erroneous confidence) recommended laſtly by phyſicians: whereas winter gives us plenty of ice for *nothing*, and which may be preſerved for uſe (if uſe it have) through the *hotteſt* months of ſummer.

The circumſtance of the patient's being alarmed at the purulent ſediment in his urine,

was

was not half ſo extraordinary, as the ignorance of the phyſicians he applied to, in ordering him aſtringent, deſiccative medicines, by injection and otherwiſe. This moſt unſcientific and dangerous practice, laid a foundation for all the train of maladies which afterward afflicted him, and only terminated in the grave. Dr. Lee has not put his finger of reprobation on *that practice*, which he unqueſtionably ought to have done: I ſhall do it for him.

Perhaps in all the blunders of medical art (and they are numerous) none can exceed that by which nature, or the conſtitution, is counteracted in its kindly attempts to preſerve or reſtore health; which, let alone, are infinitely ſuperior to all *artificial aids* whatſoever. Had the old gentleman been attacked by the gout in his feet, the phyſicians he conſulted, on another account, would have acted no leſs wiſely and judidiouſly by repelling it, than they did by ſtopping the generation and diſcharge of that ſalutary depoſit in his urine, which ſo needleſſly alarmed him. I could fill a volume with the mere narration of caſes ending mortally by the thoughtleſſneſs and raſhneſs of phyſicians in taking upon them to *lead* nature, inſtead of *being led* by her. Their general point of practice

is, to render a diſorder *inviſible to the eye*; no way concerned about what ravages its external diſappearance may make in the interior receſſes of the animal œconomy; drinking dry the conſtitutional waters of life, and feeding on the laſt lingering drops of its oil.

Inſtead of ſtopping a puſh or unuſual diſcharge of the conſtitution, eſpecially at climacteric periods of age, it ſhould be gently aided by every medicine appropriate to the locality and peculiarity of ſuch diſcharge. *Nature* points the way: *Art* ſhould follow her at an humble, admiring diſtance. The general trade of phyſicians and apothecaries, is formed out of their own blunders and miſtakes; and not the reſult of original neceſſity, more than once (perhaps) in an hundred times, Nature indicates one thing, and they purſue another. Nature then being ſtopt in her operations, they, in the act of ſtopping them, bring on a *new* claſs of diſorders, for which they preſcribe. Their preſcriptions bring on a *ſecond* new claſs; which preſcribed for in like manner, S. A. lay a ſure foundation for a third; the third for a fourth; and ſo on, till it becomes ſelicitouſly intereſting to the poor patient to get away to that world where the reign of doctors is over, before a fifth claſs of afflicting maladies ſucceeds

ſucceeds the fourth. More happy for him ſtill, I muſt ſay, had the firſt rude obtruſion upon Nature landed him in that delightful country, where air is not neceſſary to living, and where medicine diſturbs not immortality.

In conſequence of the bad treatment the old gentleman received, by means of the faculty preſcribing decoctions of the *traumatic herbs*, and infuſions of *the bark on lime water*, a complication of ſad complaints enſued, which were ſo little effectually relieved by *other* treatment, that the poor ſufferer was firſt DISMISSED FROM DOCTORS to the ſouth of France; then from the ſouth of France to the waters of *Bareges*, "a village *remarkable* on account of its *waters*, and its romantic ſituation, in the Pyrenean mountains." (page 5.) But alas! this medical tour of expectation, hope, and amenity, ended in "his not receiving much benefit."—Next, we find him returned to Paris, and taking (by the beſt advice, no doubt) *ſoap*, *rheubarb*, *martial flowers*, *aſſa-fœtida*, *gum ammoniac*, and *extract of wormwood*, made into pills. Theſe were not thought enough by the Pariſian phyſicians, but the well-doſed patient muſt waſh them down with draughts of the infuſion of *juniper berries*, in which a proportion of *terr. foliat. tartar.* had been diſſolved. Theſe

Theſe are high ſounding preſcriptions, but they are, *vox et præterea nihil.* Every article here enumerated, is merely *alterative*, that is, neither good for one thing or another. During this happy medical *interregnum* of doing nothing, the patient continues well, but unfortunately, as we are told, " on being out at night later than uſual, he caught cold; the conſequences of which were"—ſee page 7.—Indeed the conſequences were unavoidable, by the patient's depending on the foregoing futile alteratives, without any thing elſe being done for him; that the narrative reports. " Catching cold," is a moſt commodious term for hiding the failings of phyſicians. Under the umbrella it throws over the profeſſion, they may *do* or *not* do what they pleaſe,

Dr. Lee (page 6) accounts it a circumſtance *worthy of obſervation*, that the ſediment returning did not weaken the patient. I am ſorry to differ with Dr. Lee in any thing; but muſt be allowed to obſerve, that had the ſediment coming down weakened his patient, I ſhould have marked it as a circumſtance *uncommonly worthy of obſervation*. Every thing that diſburdens and relieves the conſtitution, certainly ſo far tends to reſtore it to its original ſtrength and

exertion.

exertion. Surely there is nothing wonderful in this, or *worthy of obſervation*. Should a man bend beneath a burden too weighty for his ſhoulders, and in the act of bending throw it off, would it be worthy of obſervation that ſuch a perſon ſhould recover his erect centre of gravity, and the muſcular powers of his back?

Dr. Lee's patient continued in the dangerous ſituation deſcribed (page 7) ſeveral days; but by the help of proper medicines and ſinapiſms applied to the feet, he had, we are told (page 8) a fortunate recurrence of the gout in both his ancles. "Here" ſays Dr. Lee, "I beg leave to obſerve, that I attribute his recovery to the medicines he had taken which brought on the gout." The medicines in form are as follow:

R. Gum. guaiac. ſcrupulum unum.
Moſch. grana duodecim
Cinnab. nativ. grana viginti
Extract. thebaic. granum unum
Syr. ſimp. q. ſ. Miſce. f pil iij
Capiat Æger pil j Sexta quaque horâ.

The common ſize of a pill to be ſwallowed (and, God knows, it is quite enough for common deglutition) is five grains; but in Dr. Lee's

Lee's formula, two ſcruples and thirteen grains are formed into three pills only, which makes each pill *ſeventeen grains*; a pill, I ſhould ſuppoſe, which would nearly ſtop in the gullet of any man in England.

But we ſhall not dwell upon *trifles*. Let us examine the articles as ſpecified in Dr. Lee's formula. To examine them *honeſtly* is a duty I owe the world, and to which every other conſideration ſhould give place, and ſhall, ſo long as the world and I are concerned, or owe reciprocal obligations to each other. They are all of the alterative claſs, requieſcents in the conſtitution; that is, they have no viſible, palpable operation, but owe their wonderful virtues to medical faith, and a warm imagination; and if faith without works can ſave in divinity, why not alſo in phyſic? *Gum guaiacum*, taken in large quantities, and for a length of time, may warm and ſtimulate cold, ſluggiſh, bowels, and therefore ſo far promote the ſecretions; but with Dr. Lee's leave, one ſcruple of it muſt be totally inadequate to any effect of this kind.

It is not an eaſy matter to ſet in motion the general maſs of ſecretions, when diſturbed or obſtructed, which is always more or leſs the caſe when

when the gout does not go happily downward to the foot, and fix there.—Farther,

Muſk is a mere perfume, loſt in eructations almoſt as ſoon as ſwallowed, and indiſſolvable in any of the animal juices (vid. Caſes in Medicine, page 167, 2d edition).

Native Cinnabar is a mineral, incapable of ſolution in any known menſtrum, conſequently, totally inactive in the ſyſtem. Sometimes it is the cauſe of great anxiety in the ſtomach, or excites vomiting; probably owing to a portion of arſenic adhering to it, and eſcaping the moſt diligent ablutions. It differs in no reſpect from the *artificial*, which was once in high eſteem as a medicine, but in modern more enlightened times, uſed principally as a pigment. It is of a beautiful ſhining red colour, and in ſuperſtitious periods (for ſuperſtition has abounded ſcarce leſs in phyſic than divinity) was ſuppoſed ſo much to delight the *archeus*, or *anima* (an inviſible dæmon ſuppoſed preſiding over the functions of the animal œconomy) in its paſſage through the inteſtines, as to tempt him to ſuſpend the attacks of all diſorders during the time of his admiring the gaudy thing. But Dr. Lee, I believe, is as little diſpoſed to reſpect his *ar-*

chean dæmonſhip as myſelf: ſo I ſhall diſmiſs him, with the other gods and goddeſſes of fable.

Thebaic Extract. This is one of the moſt powerful ſedatives in nature; throwing a general relaxation over the ſyſtem, ſuſpending the natural diſcharges, and ſtopping every niſus or effort of the conſtitution. How it ſhould co-operate with its *oppoſites*, is, with the utmoſt deference for Dr. Lee, what I cannot conceive.

Not truſting entirely to theſe pills, we find the old gentleman, after each pill, taking three ſpoonfuls of the muſk julep. But to ſpeak out at once. The capital *active* ingredient in the pills, was the *extractum thebaicum*, which, after taking the whole maſs, had this effect, that "the tremors ſubſided, his bowels were eaſier, the fever quitted him, he got ſome ſound ſleep, which relieved him greatly; and now he began to perceive great *pains* in his ancles." (Page 9) the doctor adds, "doubtleſs the ſinapiſms acted as good auxiliary troops; but *once ſince* the patient labouring under the *ſame ſymptoms*, I found that the *above pills* anſwered the ſame end *without* the ſinapiſms."

A queſtion unavoidably occurs to be aſked here.

here. Why did the Doctor, in the latter case, prescribe sinapisms, when he knew, from a former instance, his pills would give the gout without them? Dr. Lee, I cannot but persuade myself, has no delight in giving unnecessary pain to a fellow creature.

But I have the unhappiness wholly to differ from my medical brother. I have no reserve in declaring it as my opinion, that the sinapisms were the efficient cause of the gout re-attacking his patient's ancles, and that the *opiate pills* he took, only gave an interval of ease for *them* to act. I shall observe farther, that had Dr. Lee ordered blisters to his patient's ancles, or the upper flat part of each foot, instead of sinapisms, he might have had reason to congratulate himself earlier, and *without pills*, on his success.

From the Doctor's pamphlet I should suppose, he has never read my treatise on the gout. In that treatise (now approaching a second edition) the gout is taken out of the hands of mystery and conjecture, and made an object of common sense, as well as simple treatment. Writing professedly on a gouty case, it doubtless had not misbecame him to have read one of the *latest* treatises on so *mistaken* a disorder. Apparently,

as

as he has not, with the moſt polite regard for him, I muſt expreſs my belief that he is reſolved to harneſs and draw in the old *medical yoke*; and, like animals of a far inferior ſpecies, wear ſide-blinds to his eyes, that he may not profeſſionally ſee either to the right or left of the duſty track. I am ſorry to think ſo; but cannot help it.—Thus it appears, that the ſinapiſms (to imitate Dr. Lee's military ſtyle) inſtead of auxiliaries, were the van and flower of the forces, which routed the enemy: while his pills, forming a ſmall detached party of invalids and ſuperannuated ſoldiers, were left behind to guard the baggage, being found incapable of active ſervice, or ſpirited attack.

" What merits our particular attention here, and what proves the wonderful efforts of nature, is, that in the decline of this fit, the *ſlimy ſediment* in the urine *appeared* in proportion as the *gout* went off." (Page 9) Dr. Lee (page 3) mentioning the firſt appearance of this ſediment, which in colour, " approached that of a pea-green," ſays, " it emitted a moſt offenſive ſmell," as conſequent on the gout *not* going down to the foot; and (page 9) takes notice, " as a wonderful effort of nature," that when it did go down, formed a fit, and of courſe gradually

dually declined, that the ſame *ſlimy ſediment* appeared in the urine. But ſurely Dr. Lee cannot mean that the *ſuppreſſion* of a fit, and the *decline* of a fit, produced the ſame effect. He would do well to go over the ground again, and take pains to remark where the profeſſional foot of ſcience and literature may have tript.—He would do additionally well, likewiſe, by not changing or confounding his terms. A ſediment reſembling the conſiſtence of diſſolved glew, pea-green in colour, and emitting a moſt offenſive ſmell, is certainly very different from the common ſlimy appearance, or that of *mucus*, depoſited in the urine. A convertibility of terms, without being accounted for, miſleads the reader, inſtead of directing him.

As a well earned reward for the pain of a gouty paroxyſm, I am pleaſed to find the old gentleman enjoyed "good health for ten months." (page 10) But unluckily, about the expiration of that time, "he dined at an acquaintance's, where he indulged himſelf in eating and drinking too much." Alas! too true it is, ſuch inſtances of indulgence have been far leſs uncommon than they ought to be, ever ſince old *Adam* and *Eve* ate of the forbidden fruit.—But (no help for it) the life-preſerving

ſediment

ſediment ſtopt; and "he was adviſed to go to *Spa*." The doctor once more diſmiſſed him from the apothecary's ſhop (happy diſmiſſion!) and gave him letters recommendatory to the ſubterranean, mineral goddeſs of health, at *Spa*. As nothing above the earth could, it was fair to try what, peradventure, ſome noſtrum prepared under it, might do. Her goddeſſſhip, as worſhipped at *Pohun*, was not propitious, though the ſuppliant devotee was a whole week on his knees to propitiate her.—But as all *females* (they ſay) are unſteady; our mendicant invalid conceived a happy thought, and paid his adorations to the ſame goddeſs, under a different name, that of *Geronſter*. This appears to have been her favourite name, for from her divine ladyſhip of *Geronſter*, "he received *ſome* ſervice." The ladies always chuſe their places to confer their favours. But the ſervice was no ſooner received, than the inſenſible and ingrateful old man went a-gadding to Paris for new miſtreſſes. He had not even patience till he got there. He viſited her aquatic ladyſhip of *Aix-la-Chapelle*; drinking her waters, and bathing in her fountain of life, every morning.

But how is this world checkered with ſad reverſes! From the ſoft, tepid, delicious boſom of

of the aquean fair one, he is hurried to the apothecary's ſhop, as if he had committed treaſon or murder, and made to ſwallow the following No. 2, of *repetantur pilulæ*.

R. Rhei. elect.—drachmam unam
Gum. ammon.—ſeſquidrachmam
Sapon. Caſtil.—drachmas duas
Flor. mart.—drachmam unam
Aſs. fœtid—ſeſquidrachmam
Syr. e cort. aurant. q. ſ. Miſce f maſſa
Pil. Sing. pil. gr. quatuor.

Notwithſtanding the *great ſervice* our patient received from doctors and waters, and from waters and doctors, he *catched cold*, "the latter end of January, 1777, and every thing done for him was ſuddenly undone. On a former occaſion this podagric old man, for a time, ſlipt through the fingers of the doctors (which many a good fellow has ſlipt through) by "eating and drinking too much" (page 10) on the preſent occaſion he makes a like temporary ſlip, by "catching cold." Why is it that a *letter de catchet*, in France, do not ſend this ſaid rude maſter *Catch-cold* to the Baſtile: and why is it that a royal Gallic edict do not iſſue againſt "eating and drinking too much?"—I had no ſooner written theſe words than the *genius of preſcribing* ſoftly whiſpered in my ear that—

"were

" were maſter *Catch-cold* ſent to the Baſtile, and maſter *eating and drinking too much, incapacitated* by an edict, doctors would catch cold for—want of raiment; and ſtarve for—want of ſomething to eat and drink."—This conſideration once more reduced me to ſerioufneſs indeed.

" Here," ſays Dr. Lee, " I beg to deliver *my ſentiments* (the Italics are his own) which were *then* the *ſame* as at preſent (though contrary to the patient's as well as ſome of the faculty) viz. that the *ſuppreſſion* of the *ſediment*, and the diſcharge of the *iſſue*, were the *effects* of the fever, and not its *cauſes*; and in this, Dr. Bouvar, Dr. Macmahon, and my learned and celebrated profeſſor, Dr. Petit, phyſician at Paris, *coincided* with me in opinion." (page 12 and 13) Here my friend Dr. Lee explicitly delivers his ſentiments on a topic of great medical moment. He certainly has a *right* to declare his ſentiments on any ſubject; at the ſame time that I muſt be allowed an *equal right* to examine the truth of thoſe ſentiments.

Hanc veniam petimuſque damuſque viciſſim.

But Dr. Lee will excuſe me for thinking, that he lets himſelf down, by aiming to be kept up otherwiſe than by HIMSELF; that is, by calling

ing in three learned brethren to his aid. If maſter of his ſubject, even the celebrated Dr. Petit could not have aided him: if *not* maſter of his ſubject, why did he commence author? —With reſpectful attention to Dr. Lee, I ſhall conſider him as not ſtanding in need of *foreign aid*, but qualified to defend his own poſitions. With integrity, I can aſſure him, I wiſh to treat him as if he were my *real*, inſtead of a profeſſional brother. But as I am his *practiſing ſenior* by many years; long a ſtationary and ſtudious man; I have a right to take the *medical wall*, and endeavour to inſtruct him. I ſhall then conſider him as *ſolus cum ſolo*. Dr. Lee's aſſertion is, "that the *ſuppreſſion* of the *ſediment*, and the *diſcharge* of the iſſue, were the *effects* of the fever, and not its *cauſes*" (*Vid.* pages 12-13).

Now it fully meets my idea that the fever was in no manner concerned, either as cauſe or effect. Thick depoſits in the urine, of various kinds, will appear and diſappear, and iſſues run and ſtop, independent of fever. Every one, more or leſs, experiences the firſt; and thouſands the laſt. Dr. Lee has committed a great neglect in two things, which muſt leave his readers much at a loſs. He has not deſcribed what ſort of fever his patient had, nor any of

its concomitants. To ſay he was attacked with fever, is ſaying nothing on which the reader can form his judgment. The term *fever* is vague and arbitrary, and conveys no idea in a particular caſe undeſcribed.

A fever may ariſe from *oppoſite* cauſes; viz. from exceſs of *lowneſs*, and exceſs of *height*. I have cured fevers of the former type by methods which would have precipitated thoſe of the latter into a fatal termination; and *vice verſa*. As the author has left it a matter to gueſs at, I really ſcarce know how to gueſs. Fevers in gouty conſtitutions are the rareſt things in the world. I never ſaw an inſtance of one, even amid the higheſt tortures of a long and ſevere fit. In general, gouty people are the very reverſe of a fever; have a ſlow, ſedate, regular pulſe, tongues remarkably clean, and ſeldom more than moderate thirſt. Indeed when gouty caſes are miſtaken and miſmanaged, I have known them often degenerate into low, nervous, lingering fevers. But theſe are fevers produced by the doctor, and not by any means the effect of gout.

Fevers, almoſt always proceed from internal cauſes: the gout, in its proper place, is an external

nal, local ailment; therefore, cannot excite a fever, unleſs a ſlight ſymptomatic one, from the fretfulneſs and reſtleſs impatience of ſome patients under pain. Even when this dreadful malady is out of its proper place, attacks ſome inward ſoft part, and kills the patient, no fever attends it, but the contrary. I am rather inclined to think Mr. M's fever was of the low kind, from a frequently repelled, ill-treated gout, accompanied with a low, weakening regimen. The latter I only infer from venœſection having been uſed, and nitre given him in one of his attacks. This leads me to Dr. Lee's ſecond omiſſion in narrating his patient's caſe.

He does not give his reader the ſmalleſt hint what diet, or manner of living, the old gentleman uſed, either in health or ſickneſs. Though, reſpecting the former, no information might have been neceſſary, certainly, reſpecting the latter, it was indiſpenſibly ſo. Young medical readers, for whom he ſeems particularly anxious, muſt be led aſtray, inſtead of being inſtructed, by the peruſal of Dr. Lee's pamphlet. In all diſorders, regimen, the dietetic management of them, is a leading clue of information. Where it is wanting, the young ſtudent *muſt* wander: he travels without a guide. The moſt *ſecundum artem*

artem formulæ, or pompoſity of preſcription, can never make up for ſo preliminary a defect.

So fully am I perſuaded of the deciſive effects of regimen, either good or bad, that the event of moſt diſorders ſhould ſeem to turn upon *that* hinge; and not to be ſuperceded by the moſt approved and celebrated articles in the druggiſt's warehouſe. This Dr. Lee has kept wholly out of ſight, in his "Narrative of a ſingular gouty Caſe;" and, I ſcruple not to ſay, till he ſhall have brought *it* forward, for the medical tyro's eye, his pamphlet will do leſs good than harm.

All the anamolous appearances, and (otherwiſe) unaccountable relapſes, in Mr. M's caſe, muſt have been entirely determined by, how he was, or was not, KEPT UP. The variety of apothecary-ſtuff preſcribed for him, was, *leadingly*, neither one thing or another. It behoves, therefore, Dr. Lee, in a ſecond edition, to ſupply the defects of the firſt; otherwiſe, for conſiſtence ſake, I could wiſh he had kept at a diſtance from the preſs. However, as his preſent eſſay in print, is a *maiden* production, we may look forward (perhaps) to ſomething more matured and perfect, provided he *read* and *think* much in the interval, without ſeeking out too

ſolicitouſly,

ſolicitouſly, like his brethren of Bath, for patients: proſtituting the divineſt of all arts, that of *healing*, to the pitiful mediocrity of a common *trade*, which, generally, has not one object but the acquiſition of *riches*. The phyſician who fiſhes for patients (and what town or country phyſician does not?) fiſhes only for *golden fiſhes*; i. e. gold, impreſſed with the precious royal *caput*.

The ſuppreſſion of the ſediment and iſſue-diſcharge, muſt have been owing—not to fever, except that of weakneſs—either to the patient's age, which ſupplied him with *pabulum* for neither; or to a deficiency of nouriſhment and ſtrength derived from meat and drink; whereby the *vis vitæ* became out of tone, and rendered the conſtitution incapable to ſupport either *natural* or *artificial* diſcharges. In this forlorn ſtate, Dr. Lee informs us, that the patient became convinced, "the *ſlimy ſediment* which *appeared in his urine*, did not proceed from an *ulcer* in his *bladder*, but that *part* being *weak*, Nature (happily for him) *threw* off the *gouty humour* that way" (page 13). The Doctor's reaſoning here is by no means accurate or convincing.—The gouty humour never fixes or deſpumates any where, externally or internally, without previous

previous inflammation and pain. Beſide, what he ſays in this place, is inconſiſtent with what occurs in another, where we find the patient "ſeized with a violent ſtrangury, accompanied with a fever, for which he was blooded;" and that ſome time after, an offenſive ſmelling ſediment appeared, for the firſt time, in his urine (page 3). Here is a regular proceſs, viz. inflammation, maturation, ſuppuration, and an offenſive diſcharge. All this could not ariſe from the mere *weakneſs* of a part, unleſs Dr. Lee annexes an idea to the term, hitherto unknown. If he does, he ſhould have explained it in his peculiar ſenſe, which he has not any where attempted to do.

Indeed, a proper ſelection of terms, clearly expreſſed, is abſolutely neceſſary for the due communication of knowledge. Telling us, moreover, that the gouty humour was attracted by a *weak part*, is a *petitio principii*. That part muſt have always been weak, and always attracted the gouty humour; whereby he ſhould all along have had fits of ſtrangury, inſtead of regular attacks in the extremities. Beſide, it is the experienced nature of the gout, moſtly to puſh forward to the ſtrongeſt, not the weakeſt parts, ſuppoſing no ulceration of the former.

The

The articulations are by much the ſtrongeſt parts of the body; and thither the gout commonly has its tendency.

I would have Dr. Lee conſider how a weak part, not inflamed or ulcerated, could be the cauſe of ſuch violent ſymptoms as to require blood-letting, tepid bathing, and cooling medicines. His theory contradicts his practice, and *vice verſa*. As obſerved before, what is called *ſtrangury*, was certainly an inflammation of the neck of the bladder, which afterwards ſupperated and threw off the offenſive matter, or putrid mucus-like ſubſtance, which ſubſided in the urine. The ſubſequent diſcharges of the ſame ſediment not being attended, ſo far as we are told, with pain and fever, is eaſily accounted for. Wherever a paſſage has been opened, by inflammation and ſupperation, the diſcharge, whatever the nature of it may be, paſſing periodically through it, is ſeldom attended with fever or pain: the ſtretch of the parts, or tenſion, has been taken off, and the humour, or matter, as faſt as it comes, has an eaſy outlet.

Dr. Lee rightly aſſured the old gentleman, "he would have good health whilſt the ſediment came down." That his patient ſhould

have

have remained unconvinced of it, after ſome years ocular experience, is extraordinary. No conſtitution can ever give way, while it is able to relieve itſelf by a particular diſcharge, or exoneration. Its methods of doing ſo are various, and in ſome caſes ſurpriſing.

I had two patients in Ireland, who lived to great ages, one of which had a periodical diſcharge of a pellucid liquor, not ſaltiſh, but conſiderable in quantity, from the lacrymal ſacs of both eyes; a day or two previous to the approach of which, he felt a ſenſation in his head not eaſily deſcribed, but never amounting to pain. The ſenſation went off as the liquor effuſed.—It ſtopt totally, a little while before he died, at nearly his eightieth year.—The other had his health and life prolonged, by ſtated diſcharges of pure blood by the urinary paſſages, almoſt menſtrually punctual, without any pain or uneaſineſs. He had always a premonitory feel, however, approaching to an obtuſe ſenſe of weight and fulneſs, about the renal and lumbagic regions, a ſhort time before it came. This ſalutary, conſtitutional friend, likewiſe deſerted him, before old age (rather than death) carried him off.—Farther, let it be noted,

I lately had a patient in Newark, about 70 years of age, who has lived thus long, and in perfect health, insomuch, that he regularly rides to a distant market once a week, by wonderful effusions of blood from the nose, at pretty distant periods. He had the last some months ago, early in the morning, when I was sent for. I found the blood gushing in full stream, but the patient sedate, void of fever, and free from pain. It had already nearly filled a wash-bason, and continued to pour unabated. At first I was alarmed, I confess, till Mr. H—'s wife told me he frequently had had such a discharge before, and always felt, for a long time afterward, perfectly light and well. It was allowed, therefore, its usual course; only I ordered a large blister to his back, to have a counter-operative effect, by taking off the push from the effusing vessels, as a guard against this attack turning out *worse* than former ones; and his limbs to be kept immersed in warm water, to dilate the blood-vessels of the lower extremities, and solicit a more equal circulation. This was still leaving the constitutional discharge, for some time at least, pretty much to itself. It spontaneously stopt, about half an hour after I first saw him. The quantity of blood he lost, upon the whole, could not have been less than

between three and four pounds: an extraordinary quantity, indeed, to *do good*.

I ſhall bring forward one other inſtance: many are in my power, had I room for inſertion. I know a lady (not a patient of mine) who once a year, ſome times twice only in three years, is ſeized with a day-lethargy or profound ſleep, which laſts, at a time, between the mediums of twelve and ſixteen hours; during which no attempt is made to ſupply her with nouriſhment. At the termination of this odd ſleepy paroxyſm, ſhe is attacked with violent ſtomach-ſickneſs, heaves gently, and throws up vaſt quantities of florid, fluid bile. She commences a perfect ſtate of health and ſpirits afterward, which laſts the accuſtomed interval; and is capable, beyond moſt of her ſex, of exertion and exerciſe. She is now near the middle period of life, and, I think, bids fair to arrive at the extremity, in due time, aided by her conſtitutional ſleeps, and their conſequences. She is uncommonly accurate in her general mode of living.

With all due deference to Dr. Lee's "ſingular caſe of ſediment," I muſt be allowed to ſay, the four foregoing ſhort narratives are more ſingular than his, though by no means worthy of particular

particular obſervation. We often call a thing extraordinary, merely becauſe, in contracted lines of remark and experience, we may never have met with it before; though others may have numerous caſes to produce more extraordinary ſtill. An inſect perched upon the top of a chariot, and not ſeeing beyond its ſurface, might think, did inſects think, that the whole world moved on two pair of wheels: but what would the eagle ſay, did eagles ſpeak, when elevated aloft among the clouds, he beheld this ſame chariot, ſo proudly wrapt in duſt, diminiſhed almoſt to an evaneſcent point?

We are told Mr. M— "continued well until the commencement of September, 1777, being then in the 73d year of his age." This ſtate of being well, we muſt date from ſeventeen days after the end of January, a period conſiſting of not quite ſeven months. During this time the reader has no information whether the ſediment *actually* ſtopt or not: we are only informed that the old man became at length convinced, its ſtated recurrence was neceſſary to his health.— But it is altogether reaſonable to ſuppoſe it was ſuppreſſed, previous to his walking in marſhy ground. It is impoſſible *wet feet* ſhould ſo ſuddenly have produced a headach and violent pain

in

in the teſticle, if the ſediment had made its uſual ſalutary viſits. Dr. Lee himſelf acknowledges this; for, ſays he, "in proportion as the *ſlimy ſediment appeared* in the urine, the *teſticle diminiſhed*" (page 16). Of courſe, then, it muſt have diſappeared for ſome time before; and that diſappearance muſt have been the cauſe of the *pained, ſwoln* teſticle, and not a little moiſture caſually imbibed by the feet.

Wet and *cold*, are two wonderful things. By their magical operation, all the blunders and miſcarriages of medical practice, are thrown into, and for ever buried in the vault of oblivion. A man may live a life of luxurious indolence and intemperence, with immunity from diſeaſes; may run through all the extravagancies and impurities of folly and vice, to his ſixtieth year, with exemption from ſickneſs or bodily indiſpoſition: but if he expoſe himſelf to the breezes of Heaven, or ſets his foot on *moiſt*, inſtead of *dry* ground, all the maladies that embitter or ſhorten the exiſtence of man, from corns on the toe, to gouts and apoplexies, are ſet looſe againſt him from *Pandora's box*, all the dogs of medical havock.—Why do not acts of ſtate paſs in every kingdom, to prevent men *wetting their feet*, and breathing the *external* air?

air? Surely we have royal acts and edicts, almoſt beyond arithmetical count, taking in every nation *ab origine mundi*, infinitely—as trifling.

"Having recovered from this dangerous ſituation," we are told, "he went to London, where he enjoyed tolerable health until the commencement of November, 1777. Having ſome buſineſs in the city, he walked a great deal," and, "the weather being then remarkably hazy and damp, *got wet in his feet* (wicked, wicked WET!) and came home with a *ſhivering fit*" (page 16). In the page preceding it is ſaid, "he continued well until the commencement of September, 1777;" ſo that, taking in the period of his convaleſcing, "the courſe of three weeks" (page 16) his enjoyment of recovery from a "dangerous ſituation," muſt have laſted but SEVEN DAYS. And will Dr. Lee call this a *recovery?* He may; but I ſubmit it to his *after thoughts*, whether it was not a mockery of convaleſcence, rather than a recovery. What non-ſignificants muſt have been (I will deliver my mind *honeſtly*) his "proper poultices and cataplaſms," his "aperient nervous pills, No. 2," his "*diuretic ptiſan*, in each quart of which, a drachm of the *ter. foliat. tartar* (diuretic ſalt) had been diſſolved;"

when

when his patient's inſurance of health only laſted *ſeven days*, and all his powers of preſcription, above ſtated, were overthrown by a little wet on London flags? We find, in this inſtance, that ſtones, madefied by damp, hazy weather, as well as marſhy ground, can produce *fever*, with all its dreadful concomitants.—Alas! alas! what avails the art of phyſic, with a royal college of phyſicians at its head, when the fannings of the winds of Heaven, and the imbibitious, through leather, of Heaven's gentle dews and rains, ſet it at nought; *breathe* away its powers on the deſert air, and condole over its impotency in the weepings of a humid vapour?

We find matters, at length, brought to ſuch a criſis, that Dr. Lee "began to fear for Mr. M's life." Actuated by his fears, he propoſed to have a conſultation of the faculty, to which the patient's relations agreed. Accordingly, two eminent men were called in, Dr. Heberden, and the late Dr. Petit, to fix upon a plan of relief for the old gentlemen. It does not appear what the joint opinion of the medical triumvirate was. By deduction, it ſeems fair to preſume they did *not* deſpair of his recovery, as they preſcribed ſuch variety of apothecary-ſtuff, the very recital of which, would appear ſufficient

ent to make a whole man ſick. Here they are, reader, (take care of your ſtomach) *turpentine glyſters, ſaline draughts, ſper. cet. tinc. guaiac V tinc. ſulig. tinct. ſenæ. tinct. ſacr.* Good God of phyſic! Theſe were powerful enough to diſturb and turn inſide out the ſtomach of an Hercules, inſtead of a diſeaſed, debilitated old man, near the borders of diſſolution. I muſt ſay, had I made one of the conſulting brethren, it would have ſtruck me, as a juſt puniſhment, that we ſhould all have been obliged to ſwallow, at leaſt two for one, of the vile potions preſcribed for the worn-out, grey-headed man.

In one eſſential circumſtance, the medicines counteracted each other: ſome were exceſſive hot, and ſome cold. Perhaps a more inelegant, turbid, dirty, abominable mixture, as a ſaline draught aſſociated with *ſperma ceti. volatile tincture* of *guaiacum*, and *tincture* of *ſoot* (it contains alſo *aſſa-fœtida)* is not, I hope, on the apothecary's file.—The tinctures of ſoot and guaiacum would immediately ſeparate, upon being mixt with the watery ſaline, of courſe, fall to the bottom; while the ſperma ceti greaſe would float at top. Shut your eyes, reader; ſhut your eyes, and ſtop your noſe; the horrid potion is before you! O cruel, cruel Phyſic!

what

what ſhall be the puniſhment of thy willing, daring ſons, in another world?

Dr. Lee tells us (page 17) the patient had a *high fever*, with a *violent pain* in the epigaſtric region. Afterward (page 18) that he was at times *delirious*. I would leave it to Dr. Lee's candid reflection to *re-conſider*, with what propriety, in ſuch a caſe of inflammatory pain and exceſs of heat, attended with delirium, ſuch hot medicines as *tinc. ſen. tinc. ſacr. tinc fulig.* but eſpecially *tinc. quaiac. vol.* the moſt fiery tincture of the ſhops, were preſcribed?—Had a common itenerant quack preſcribed them, it would have been matter of no ſurpriſe; but that three grave, liberal-bred phyſicians, in conſultation, ſhould preſcribe them, in the old gentleman's caſe, is a matter of aſtoniſhment I cannot get over. Mr. M's conſtitution muſt have been flinted and ſteeled all over, by the hand of God, in a moſt wonderful manner, that it could, as we have ſeen, reſiſt ſuch repetitions of ſevere attacks, *aſſiſted* by all the powers of medicine. I ſay aſſiſted; for it is highly remarkable, that his partial recoveries from theſe attacks, were all brought about by *conſtitutional efforts*, by what I would call, *the ſtaminal energies of the animal œconomy*, in him ſingularly powerful, even

even at the great age of ſeventy-three. Theſe were a return of the gout to his ancles; frequent formations of ſlimy matter in his urine; and recurrences of the bleeding piles. Till theſe happened, every thing he did and ſuffered at the hands of art, was of more ſervice to the apothecary, than to him.

As a proof the medicines he took had no merit in bringing about theſe ſalutary efforts, but rather that they diſturbed and interrupted them, I would take occaſion to remark the ſubſtitution of one effort for another. Had they had unequivocal, characteriſtic virtues, this would not have been the caſe, but one uniform, alleviating effect muſt have followed. The concluſion then is obvious, that, inſtead of doing good, they did harm, by ſtopping one critical puſh, and thereby forcing the conſtitution to make another of a different kind, for relief. Thus we find the gout alternating with the ſlimy ſediment; the ſlimy ſediment with the bleeding piles; and theſe ceaſing their alternations, a ſwelled, inflamed teſticle ſucceeds, and violent pain in the *regio epigaſtrica*; bowels painfully irritated; ſwelled abdomen; fever; delirium, &c.

How could it otherwiſe be? *Cold* things

 compounded

compounded with *hot*, and *ſedatives* with *ſtimulants*; had two oppoſite effects, and therefore ſuſpended each other's powers. But though, in one reſpect, neither doing good nor harm; in two others, they were highly prejudicial: firſt, by nauſeating the ſtomach, and giving it a total diſreliſh for nouriſhment; and ſecondly, by engroſſing that important time which might have been devoted to a *unity of deſign*, and deciſive *activity* of operation. Yet, I do not deny, that Dr. Lee had the whole college of phyſicians at his back, in his manner of treating Mr. M—; and that, particularly, in the conſultation he mentions, it was a flattering circumſtance, to a junior phyſician, to have ſuch men of fame ſtanding on his ſide, as the late Dr. Petit, and preſent Dr. Heberden. But I am quite of Horace's mind—"*nullius jurare in verba magiſtri.*" The reverſe of this excellent rule, which has no leſs manlineſs than reaſon in it, has led the too patient world aſtray for a thouſand years and more, not only in phyſic, but in politics, ethics, divinity, and law.

The intermixture of diſſimilar ingredients in the ſame compoſition, in order to produce one ſpecific effect (for in every thing there can be but one *right* and one *wrong*) is, perhaps, ſcarcely

ſcarcely to be paralelled any where among the follies and extravagancies of ſyſtem. The only thing I know which reſembles it, is, a poſition of the theological ſchools, viz. that faith cannot ſave without works, nor works without faith: the Engliſh of which is, that an affirmative can prove nothing without a negative; *i. e.* a negative, acting upon an affirmative, makes the latter a negative alſo, and *vice verſa*. Right, ſay the grammarians: with us two negatives make an affirmative; and why not likewiſe in phyſic and divinity? Cold and hot, ſtimulant and anti-ſtimulant, compounded *ſecundam artem medicorum regii collegiæ Londonenſis*, by negativing each other, that is, forming two negatives, affirmatively may *cure*; in like manner, as faith, the negative of works, and works the negative of faith, may *ſave* affirmatively.—But this pamphlet is become too bulky for excurſion. Suffice it to ſay, recurring to our particular ſubject, that a preſcription, which equally heats and cools, binds and relaxes the inteſtinal canal, *at once*; is a trick of ſcience, mere profeſſional hocus pocus, and an impoſition on the good ſenſe of the world.—One hand hauling a drowning man out of the water, and another pulling him back again, can neither drown nor ſave the poor half-ſuffocated, tantalized ſufferer.

Having

Having ſurvived gout, and all its unnumbered complications of bodily infirmity, in its ſtate of being ſuppreſſed; beſide ſurviving doctors, apothecaries, foreign ſpas, lavatories, &c. to the expiration of his *fifteenth luſtre* (not to mention his campaigns, and conſequent ſcars, in the ſervice of *Venus* and *Bacchus*, page 20) Dr. Lee reſolves to try the *derniere reſource* for his patient, the waters of Bath (page 19). Accordingly we find, "he left London on the 8th of January, and arrived in Bath the 11th.—Dr. Lee can be particular in the dates of a journey: his medical readers would have had more reaſon to thank him, had he attended to the ſame particularity in laying before them, a number of things they had a *right* to know, regarding the intervals of his patient's complaint, and what prophylactic plan he put Mr. M— upon.—Without this, his narrative is greatly defective, and ſtops far ſhort of inſtruction, either to the young or the old in phyſic.

Arrived in Bath, we are given to underſtand, that "after being prepared (God knows, if medicince could prepare him, he might have beeen prepared long before that time!) he began by drinking the *Croſs Bath* water, which did not agree with him (notwithſtanding he

was

was *prepared that it ſhould)* on this account, he drank the water at the King's Bath; which *ſat eaſy* on his ſtomach, and *paſſed* off freely (page 20).—Strange! he was prepared medically for the one, and it diſagreed with him; while readers are not told he had been prepared for the other, yet it agreed with him. In this ſtate of incertitude, whether Dr. *Croſs Bath*, Dr. *King's Bath*, or Dr. *Preparation*, was the *true* doctor, how are we ultimately to judge? Eaſily thus: Dr. *Conſtitution* ſet aſide the other three, and performed all that was performed.

Serioufly, to lift my eye off Dr. Lee, and fix it on the BATH FACULTY, the whole is a ludicrous, ſhameful buſineſs, and calls for the ſevereſt animadverſion. I ſhall, however, inſtead of *filling* my pen with the gall of bitterneſs, juſt *dip* its point in it.

Phyſicians, when they deſpair utterly of recovering patients, having worn out their conſtitutions with drugs, and ſet up an apothecary's ſhop in their ſtomachs, meet in learned conſultation; and, inſtead of confeſſing their fault, like honeſt, ingenuous men, add to it, by conſigning their unhappy patients to the phyſicians of Bath or Briſtol: men as certain to blunder

as

as themſelves. If the ſulphurous waters of the one, or the cretacious of the other, fail to cure; ſulphur and chalk, diſſolved in their appropriate menſtruums, are to bear the blame: while doctors, who originally, or latterly, brought the whole ſeries of ſymptoms on which terminated in the grave, are not only conſidered as innocent, but loaded with popularity and applauſe.

There is one eaſy remedy for ſuch *ſcientific folly*.—Let patients, with ſpirit and ſenſe, when they find themſelves grow worſe in the hands of their doctors, diſmiſs them without ceremony, as they would domeſtics, not performing their work. Next, let them, of their own choice, get away to Bath, and not ſuffer themſelves to be conſigned, in the way of trade, from one ſet of doctors to another. I will venture to ſay, the ſtated diſcreet adjuſtments, early riſing, exerciſe, and pleaſingly diverſified amuſements (almoſt without end) of that delightful city, will be their beſt doctor, and what ought to ſupercede every other.

The neceſſity of preparation for drinking the Bath waters with ſafety, is a neceſſity of trade, not a medical one. If theſe waters require medicines to counteract their bad effects, they ought

ought not to be drunk at all. If the practice be only the profeſſional etiquette of the place, it is a ſilly one, though abundantly lucrative. If the waters have characteriſtic virtues, they will, they muſt exert them in caſes adapted to their uſe, without collateral aſſiſtance from phyſic. As well might a perſon eat a hearty dinner, to prepare him to dine, or to take a ſound nap to prepare him for ſleep, as patients be prepared to receive benefit from the *pump*, by the virtues of a particular *draught*, or *pill*. Whoever heard of a patient being prepared for taking a purge, an emetic, or having a bliſter applied to his back? Yet unqueſtionably theſe require preparation as much as the Bath waters, if they indeed poſſeſs the wonderful qualities aſcribed to them. If they do not, which is *my* opinion, then is the whole a faſhionable farce among phyſicians, apothecaries, and eaſy, credulous patients; and my opinion has been formed leiſurely and coolly, perfectly without prejudice, and *on the ſpot*. I have known many drink plentifully of the Bath waters, without applying to any doctor, or uſing any preparation; and no giddineſs enſue, or headach. I have often made the experiment myſelf, at all times of the day, and in all ſtates of the ſtomach, without any obſervable effect, good or bad, except that

(common

(common to every fluid ſo dilute as water) of paſſing through the ſecretory channels quickly.

If people are to be prepared previous to their drinking the waters, an eternal uncertainty will remain, whether the effects, which may follow, are thoſe of the *preparatory proceſs*, or the *waters*. It is impoſſible to decide on either alternative, while they act in conjunction, let the Bath faculty ſay what they will; and I cannot but deem it, with my ideas of profeſſional honour, and moral probity, a bold liberty taken with the credulous facility of mankind, to attribute to the waters, what may have been the ſole effects of the preparative medicine. Beſide, it is a ſoliciſm in language, a perfect *Iriſhiſm* (I may make free with myſelf) to conſider the cauſe as an effect, or the effect as a cauſe. The preparation gives effect (it is ſaid) to the waters: ſurely then, it is the cauſe of the waters having effect. A lancet cannot open a vein without a hand to direct it; will any one ſay the lancet is that ſkilful hand? The ſtomach receives the food, but who will ſay *that* ſtomach is the food received? The Bath waters do harm without patients being prepared to reſiſt that harm: can the waters be called the preparation? and, conſequently, are not the Bath

waters

waters in themſelves, or abſtractedly, hurtful? The moon gives no light of herſelf: the ſun irradiates her diſk: is the moon the ſun? Whatever good is done by a firſt agent, is not the act of a ſecond; and being merely prevented from doing *harm*, doth not amount, ſurely, to a perſon's *doing good*. The power, indeed, that prevented the harm, did *actual* good. A negative can never become an affirmative, by any torture of language, or licenſe of theory.

Theſe ſhould ſeem ſelf-evident truths; as much ſo as common ſenſe, and the ſtricteſt logic can make them. And I am aſtoniſhed ſuch learned and grave men, as many of the Bath phyſicians are, ſhould obſtinately ſhut their eyes and ears upon them. Nor can a general reſpect for them as a body, or perſonal regard for ſome of them in particular, aſſiſted by all poſſible charity for the actions of men, prevent me from thinking and ſaying, that they can have no apology, but that of the Epheſian ſilverſmiths, and and craftſmen of *like* occupation, about the antient ſhrine of Diana. The pump ciſterns are their ſhrines; themſelves the craftſmen, joined with the apothecaries of like occupation; and the company ſtatedly crowding the pump-room, the adoring multitude around, animated by the

ſweet ſtrains of the orcheſtre, and paying in their coſtly offerings at the ever ſmoaking ſhrines of the Goddeſs of health. Great great is the health-reſtoring, life-preſerving Goddeſs of Bath, cry the phyſicians, apothecaries, pumpers, bathers, undertakers, coffin-makers, grave-diggers, &c. may ſhe never want worſhippers from all quarters of the world—prieſts, prieſteſſes, craftſmen, craftſwomen, and others of like occupation. *Hæ nugæ in ſeria ducent.*

The ſenſe of *giddineſs* and *headach*, aſcribed to the waters, *unaſſiſted*, or taken in too great quantity, is not peculiar to them; therefore, means nothing. Let any gouty, or bilious ſtomach, ingurgitate one, two, three, or more tumbler glaſſes of ſimple warm water, and he or ſhe, to whom ſuch ſtomach unfortunately belongs, will certainly perceive the ſame effects. In both caſes, ſuch ſymptoms ſolely and wholly ariſe from the water diſtending, relaxing and weakening the ſtomach; conſequently, not freely paſſing downward. The warmth of water is the ſame, whatever heats it to a certain pitch: nor doth the heat of the Bath waters, acquired under ground, at all differ from culinary heat: inſomuch, that a glaſs of pump water ſuffered to ſtand till it is cold, and then warmed over a common

common fire, to the degree of heat it poſſeſſed originally from the pump, will be found the *ſame water* in calefactive power.

It is alledged (by people who alledge *any* thing, and are believed for *every* thing) if the Bath waters are not drunk *hot* from the ſubterranean kitchen, and communicating pump, that their ſaneſcent virtues are evaporated into air. Poor virtues indeed, that the air *can* diſſipate; ſcatter through the circumambient void, like chaff, or the exhalations of a fiſh-pond!!! The allegation is but the *ſurmiſe* of a trade, the well conceived *fraud* of a profeſſion.—Let the impregnated ingredients of the Bath waters be what they may, *ſalt*, *ſulphur*, *metal*, &c. their medium, ſtationary degree of heat, cannot poſſibly elevate or ſubtilize *theſe* to vapour: conſequently, nothing paſſes off but the mere ignited effluvia, of ſimple elemental water. Let ſulphur, ſalts, or mineral ſubſtances, of any *kind*, or to any *quantity*, be put into common water, heated to the thermometral degree of the King's Bath waters; and what would be the reſult? Anſwer, the ſulphur and metallics would fall to the bottom, unacted upon and undiſſolved; while a ſolution of the ſalts would ſaturate the menſtruum, but not *riſe*. On ſuch a trial, in

ſhort,

ſhort, nothing would be elevated but the aqueous fluid itſelf vapourized.

That the giddineſs and headach were merely the effects of drinking *warm water*, abſtracted from the conſideration of any redundant metallic, ſulphurous, or ſaline ſubſtance in ſolution, will ſoon appear, and, I flatter myſelf, to the conviction of every reader, unfettered by prejudice, or pre-conceived opinions.

Several patients complained to me, that the waters, when drunk on an *empty* ſtomach, always had the foregoing effect. I adviſed them either to be drank on a *full* ſtomach, or to take along with them to the pump a little vial of good brandy, gin, or compound ſpirit of lavender; proportioning the quantity according as it ſhould render the waters light and pleaſant on the ſtomach. The experiment always anſwered expectation: the waters got quickly into the circulation, and, of courſe, left that *viſcus* undiſturbed and in tone.

The relaxing quality of the warm water, uncorrected, takes off the *general equilibrium* of the nerves, by weakening the action of ſo conſiderable a number of them, and theſe of exquiſite ſenſibility,

ſenſibility, and particularly ſympathetic with thoſe of the head, as conſtitute the fine villous coat of the ſtomach. The ſtimulating and invigorating quality of the correctors, above recommended, prevents this *nervous derangement*; and, by rouſing the muſcular energy of the ſtomach, the waters are propelled downwards, are obſorbed on all ſides, and, by a quick tranſmiſſion, reach the kidnies and bladder.

Some people who "ſtrain at a gnat and ſwallow a camel," will be quite frighted at the idea of carrying a *dram bottle* in their pockets. To ſuch I have nothing to ſay but, that they need not be frighted on the preſent occaſion, more than at their own ſhadows, when ſunſhine ſurrounds them.—Theſe good people never take fright at ſitting down to the ſtrongeſt and richeſt varieties of *eating*; the cauſe, with exerciſe chained to morning pillows, to warm rooms, and card tables, of all our maladies, whether within, or on the ſurface.

There ſeems to be an inconſiſtence in the human character which baffles all advice, remonſtrance, and admonition.—A perſon will be ſtartled at putting a tea-ſpoonful or two of any appropriate ſpirit into a glaſs of Bath water, who ſcruples

ſcruples not to eat a pound and half of veniſon, or turtle, with the heavieſt ſauce; a thick ſlice of plumpudding; a tart with cuſtard, or cream; with a cut of cream cheeſe (to *digeſt* the reſt) not to mention fruits, ſweetmeats, &c. at a meal. But we return to Dr. Lee.

Page 20th, he tells us, "that ſeveral perſons, who come to Bath for the recovery of their health, *commit a great error in drinking too large quantities of the Bath water*, which, by overheating them, and occaſioning headachs, &c. *retard* the cure." What cure? I never knew a patient cured by drinking the Bath waters, in my life; but, on the contrary, many have I known, ſome my *relations* and *beſt friends*, who have been materially injured by them: having had bilious diſorders turned into dropſy, jaundice, rotten, or indurated liver; gouty habits, into paralytic; and a ſimple ailment, eaſily medicable, by Drs. HONESTY and COMMON SENSE, ſo obſcured and complicated, as to become paſt human underſtanding and cure.

It is ludicrous and abſurd, in the higheſt degree, that what requires a medicine to *make* it a medicine, and without which IT DOES HARM, ſhould CURE any one diſeaſe we know. I challenge

lenge the faculty of Bath, all the living writers who may have wrote on the Bath waters, and exhauſted panygeric in extolling them, to produce *one* inſtance, in which a patient has been cured, independent of other medicines. When I ſay *cured*, I do not mean a conſtitution ſoothed, coaxed, or patched up, for half a year or a year; for God knows! many ſuch CURES may have been ſet down in the regiſters of Bath: but I mean cures which extend a middle aged man's life twenty or thirty years.—When have the Bath waters, *alone*, effected this? Anſwer, never! Yet ſo deſirable an event *may be* effected, certainly and viſibly, at the diſtance of a thouſand miles from Bath.

Even could a few ſuch extraordinary inſtances be produced (which I doubt) yet five hundred to one would caſt the balance *againſt* them; which, by depending on the Bath waters, ended in death a ſhort while after; or in conditions of morbid imbecility, atrophal, cachectic, or cacochymic decline and waſting; nervous wretchedneſs, decrepititude, &c. which are worſe than death. Death—the moſt bleſſed of all opiates! It ſets us aſleep in this, and it wakes us in another, and better world.—The *few inſtances* (ſuppoſing them to have exiſted) were the talk and

eulogy

eulogy of all parties and companies: whereas the *many* were everlaſtingly conſigned to the cave of oblivion and forgetfulneſs.

I have not only the misfortune to differ from Dr. Lee, *toto cælo*, regarding the ſanitive virtues of the Bath waters, but likewiſe regarding the effects of warm bathing. He is the firſt phyſician in the world, perhaps, who aſcribes a *ſtrenthening* quality to tepid baths. As well might he aſcribe *relaxing* qualities to *cold* baths. If the one be true, the other muſt be true likewiſe. But as *oppoſites* can never produce the ſame effect, it will not, it cannot believe for me, that what, in the nature of things, relaxes and weakens, can poſſibly brace or ſtrengthen.—Perhaps, *credibile quia impoſſible eſt*. We have as many STRANGE THINGS ſaid in phyſic, as in divinity: but poor *Maſter Faith* muſt ſwallow them all.—Poor Maſter Faith!

To ſtay an hour in warm water, heated to *ninety degrees* of Farenheit's thermometer, ſhould ſeem a wonderful indulgence of luxury, by medical advice. We are told (page 22) "he always got out of the bath *ſtronger* and in *better ſpirits*." Then, doubtleſs, it muſt have been in conſequence of leaving the fluid behind him,

and

and the ſurface of his body getting into contact with a colder and dryer medium. Were my father to tell me the contrary, nay, even an angel from Heaven, *credat Judeas Apella, non ego.* There are ſome things beyond belief; ſome unworthy of it; ſome inſulting it; and others, inconſiſtent with it. To which claſs, the call upon the medical literati of the age, to contemplate *ſtrength* and *ſpirits* acquired by ſoaking and diſſolving in warm water, for an hour, I really cannot ſay. *Non noſtrum eſt tantas componere lites.* I ſhall only obſerve, that thoſe who may want to be *ſtrengthened,* had better repair without loſs of time, to Dr. Lee's tepid bath, "elegantly fitted up ſome time ago," and deliciouſly imbibe the ſoft and luſcious ſtream.

Who will henceforth think, ſhiveringly alive all over, of plunging himſelf into cold water, to be braced and ſtrengthened, when warm fluids, gently ſeething from the kitchens of the earth, embracing round our bodies, and ſucked into every greedy pore, anſwer the purpoſe as well? I have but one objection to this ſurpriſing converſion of heat into cold, which is, that it will put an end to our ſea-bathing places of reſort, where many of our noble and gentlefolks regularly go, when the ſun hath gained

his dog-day heights, to cool the conſtitutional fervour of nature; lace up the ſtays of *Madam Relaxation*; put into the hand of the ſolids the ſceptre of dominion over the fluids; and to render theſe ſaid fluids, henceforth and for ever, obedient to the ſolids.

We now approach the *cataſtrophe*, after a variety of hair-breadth eſcapes. "The latter end of March, 1781," our patient, "having dined in company with many of his acquaintance; and forgetting that he was far advanced in years, and an invalid, he indulged himſelf in eating and drinking improper things, and caught a ſevere cold the ſame evening; and now the ſediment, the *fatal ſediment*, got out of its wonted courſe, and was *ſuppreſſed for ever*: and, notwithſtanding he had all the aid that medicine could adminiſter, DEATH ſnatched him from his relations and friends" (page 23). O cruel Death! to ſnatch a man away at the age of ſeventy-five (which is ſome years beyond David's period of human life) O cruel Death! O cruel, cruel Death!

"In two days after his death he was opened." I cannot conceive on what account. His diſorder all along was apparent; a gout ſometimes

ſettled,

ſettled, and oftener put of its way, by officious preſcription, and the patient's own indiſcretions. There was nothing myſterious in any one attack Mr. M— had, in conſequence of the retropulſed, ill-treated gout. The ſediment, indeed, in the bladder, on Dr. Lee's hypotheſis, was myſterious: but to me it ſeems impoſſible, that *offenſive, purulent matter*, could be formed in any caſe, without ſome local inflammation and ſuppuration.

On examining the internal parts, we find (page 24) "one ſide of the *neck* of the *bladder* was ſlightly *inflamed*." This, I have no doubt, had the old gentleman lived longer, would have increaſed, and generated future quantities of ſediment, or offenſive matter, as uſual; and was an appearance which, I think, puts the truth of my theory, reſpecting the formation of humour, out of diſpute. Inflammation accordingly was the *cauſe* which produced the humour, and was not occaſioned by the acrimony of *that* humour, as Dr. Lee ſurmiſes.

I would aſk the Doctor, what was the cauſe of the *pained, ſwoln teſticle* (page 15) and the violent *pain in the regio epigaſtrica*?" (page 17) The ſame ſort of effort, undoubtedly, to locate, ripen,

ripen, and throw off, through the proceſs of inflammation and ſuppuration, the gouty matter, interrupted in its progreſs to the articulations and extremities, by the ſyſtematic vanity of art, as well as the imprudence of the patient.

All the diverſities of ſymptoms and ſufferings, in Mr. M's caſe, were owing to one ſimple, obvious cauſe, the gout prevented from going to the ſurface, and thrown back upon the interior ſoft parts, to make its puſh and depoſit where it *might*. This retrogreſſion of the gout (the old gentleman's conſtitutional diſorder) was occaſioned by the medical miſmanagement he underwent, at different times: his phyſicians miſtaking anomolous, erratic attacks of a mere *diſlodged gout*, for diſtinct characteriſtic diſorders: a miſtake which pervades the whole ſyſtem of modern practice, and renders the art of healing ſo exceedingly uncertain and conjectural.

In conſequence of this, he took a variety of nauſeous, and nauſeating drugs; whereby his ſtomach was conſtantly palled, and deprived of its natural tone and juices; than which nothing more effectually hinders the gout to come down; as the ſtomach is the *primum mobile*, the fountain-head, the ſtorehouſe, from whence the vi-

gour

gour and energies of the moving powers derive their daily ſupplies.

He was *blooded*, an operation ſeldom neceſſary, and always particularly hurtful in *gouty habits*. Blood is the equilibrating fluid of the ſyſtem, upon which all the ſecretions depend. It holds the balance of power (if I may uſe the expreſſion) of the animal œconomy; and when that balance is ſhaken, or leſſened, the whole is thrown into buſtle and confuſion.

Blood is the *life* of man: by taking it away, the operater robs him of ſo much of his life; and if the conſtitution has a puſh to make, venœſection diſables it, and prevents the critical depoſit it meditates.

It is abſurd to ſay, that the human body may have *too much* life in it, therefore, part of it ſhould be *taken away*. The blood, with equal propriety, may be ſaid to have too much *body* in contact with it, therefore, part of that body ſhould be taken away. Both are equally true, or equally falſe. The blood is never the ſeat of any diſorder: ſpilling it, then, can never conquer ſuch a diſorder; but, on the contrary, muſt weaken thoſe original powers deſtined, and fitted, to conquer *it*.

Laſtly,

Laſtly, ſuppoſing a diſorder to exiſt in the blood, by drawing it off by the lancet, the phlebotomiſt lets out *five* parts of that power, which is to ſubdue the diſorder, for *one* part wherein the diſorder may be ſuppoſed to exiſt: that is, in terms eaſier underſtood; the operation lets out five parts *good* (at leaſt) for one part *bad* blood. But the extended conſideration of this ſubject, makes a large part of a work ſoon to appear.

He took refrigerant medicines. Theſe, next to phlebotomy, do infinite miſchief in gouty caſes; by debilitating that conſtitutional force, or niſus, by which an external, local diſorder is formed, in the relief of the interior habit.—They not only do *poſitive* but *negative* miſchief; the latter by monopolizing time and opportunity, when articles of invigoration, nutriment, and ſupport, *might* have been adminiſtered.

He was plunged into warm baths; one of the moſt powerful counteractives of the ſtationary gout. Warm bathing keeps every thing within the ſyſtem, floating about innocuous during the proceſs of immerſion, but untoning every excretory exertion of the human machine. During its effects, the reſult is ſimilar to the ſun's

ſtanding

ſtanding ſtill, or the waters of the ocean ceaſing to ebb and flow. When the proceſs is over, the conſtitution (if able) recovers itſelf, and, in ſpite of preceding preventative cauſes, again puſhes forward in a *particular direction*, to relieve itſelf, and ſet at nought *the bath-preſcribing Doctor*.—Farther,

He was ſent on an *ignis fatuus* chace, to ſeek relief (from his doctors) at the foreign Spas. Alas! the foreign Spas deceived him no leſs than his doctors! He drank them—doubtleſs with a ſtrong pre-ſentiment of *ſaving faith*—but they not proving the *waters of life* to him, were found no leſs inefficacious to ſave his body, than repeating over St. Athanaſius's Creed, will be found to ſave the ſoul of any one.

Next, we find him recurring to *his doctors* once more: ſubſtituting the apothecary's ſhop, for the waters of *Bareges*, in the Pyrenean mountains; thoſe of *Pohun*, and *Geronſter*, at *Spa*; and thoſe of *Aix-la-Chapelle*. After many trials of medical ways and means, in his ordinary phyſician's hands, we find him conſidered to be in ſo bad a ſtate, as to render a *conſultation* neceſſary for him.

Conſultations

Conſultations are *prudent* expedients to break the edge of public remark on inſtances of unfortunate practice, and leſſen by ſharing the pain of profeſſional feelings on ſuch occaſions. I have ſeldom known much good come of them, except to the pockets of the conſulting doctors, and to give a ſmooth, decent outſide to things.

In conſequence of the learned conſultation (as might be ſuppoſed) he was made to ſwallow freſh aſſortments of drugs, chiefly of the alterative claſs, which, in one reſpect, may be ſaid to have *done* good, as they did not *prevent* his conſtitution from relieving him, by the hœmorrhoidal veſſels, which "emitted a great quantity of blood during three or four days, and relieved him much" (page 19). The *medici conſulti* alſo deſpairing of being uſeful to the aged gentleman, with all the renewed aid of the apothecary, act over again the old farce in form, and conſign him (for the laſt time: happy patient!) to drink *mineral waters*, and to bathe in them; a prelude to everlaſting reſt.

The *foreign* waters and baths, having proved —what they always will—inſignificant: thoſe *at home* were next to be tried; and Bath of courſe had the preference. There we find him *drinking*

ing and *bathing*, with the niceſt calculations of *quantity*, with regard to the firſt, and of *heat* with regard to the laſt. Not a ſyllable have we, in Dr. Lee's narrative, of his taking any particular medicines during the interval of his coming to Bath, and his leaving it for—another world. Indeed, I am not ſurpriſed the Doctor himſelf became tired out with *repetatur*s of formulæ, and quite *ſick* of ordering drugs.

He enjoyed this *interregnum* of the doctors, this *jubilee of eaſe from preſcription*, for more than three years in Bath: then the *Cheſterfieldan** cradle of old age ceaſed its rockings, and he—fell aſleep for ever. It was full time for the good old man, after having waked near *eighty years*; his latter waking dreams much diſturbed by *ſpectres* and *apparitions*, in the *viſibility* of phyſicians and apothecaries, baths, pumps, pills, draughts, boluſes, powders, &c.

How marvellous a thing, that a man ſhould die on the borders of his ſixteenth *luſtrum!* Indeed, I muſt ſay, in ſpite of all the *Divines* upon earth, that miracles have not ceaſed.—If there can be any thing more wonderful than a *miracle*, this it is, that a man nearly on the era of FORESCORE, ſhould be opened to

* The late Lord Cheſterfield, paſſionately fond of it, uſed to call Bath, "the cradle of old age."

know *what death he died of*. Perhaps Dr. Lee wiſhed to aſcertain, by the ſurgeon's knife, whether *oſſifications* might not have indurated ſome vital part; or, upon *honeſt* recollection, whether his veins might not have been diſtended with DRUGS, inſtead of blood.—A few ſhort remarks on this Gentleman's three laſt pages, ſhall conclude this pamphlet.

"By the hiſtory of this *ſingular malady*," ſays the Doctor, "we find that the ſudden tumour of the *teſticle*, the recurring *ſwelling* of the legs, the oppreſſion, at times, on the ſpirits, and the perpetual *accumulation* of viſcid congeſtions in the *bladder* (a weakened part) proceeded all from the ſame cauſe, viz. A GOUTY DESPUMATION from the blood; whence have ariſen (did ariſe) *various tranſpoſitions* and *metaſtaſies*, according to the redundancy or decreaſe, in (the) diſcharge of this *excrementitious matter* with the urine" (pages 26-27). This paragraph is technically expreſſed, I allow; but the doctrine it contains leans and babbles on *the rotten ſtaff of ſyſtem*, ſo muſt ſoon fall to the ground. Dr. Lee made a miſtake at the *threſhold* of his narrative; and no wonder miſtakes have accompanied him through the *inner* apartments, not even leaving him a *back door* to eſcape.

Mr.

Mr. M's primary diſorder was the *podagral gout*, which we are told (page 2) "he had been ſubject to eighteen or twenty years, ſo much as to have been laid up two or three times every year." Dr. Lee's buſineſs, therefore, was ſimply to bring down the gout again to his feet, and let the ſymptomatic appearances of its ſuppreſſion alone. Bliſters, applied to the upper flat part of both feet, would have done it effectually. Inſtead of this, he loſt ſight of the conſtitutional malady altogether, and hunted after the ſymptoms or conſequences of its *ſuppreſſion*; attacking them with the lancet, poultices, cataplaſms, warm baths, mineral waters, and a variety of alterative medicines, not leſs odious and ſickening, than totally uſeleſs.

By this *neglect* of one diſorder, that of the *conſtitution*, a number of others were produced and encouraged; ſuch as fever, headach, delirium, violent deſultory pains, purulent matter in the urine, inflamed teſticle, bleeding piles, &c. Every application of art to relieve *theſe*, put the *original* complaint (which at once would have been a cure for them all) farther and farther out of its way; while by *curing* (ſuch is the term) one of its ſubſtitutes, that is, cauſing it to *diſappear*, another ſhortly made its appearance,

pearance, and yet another; each more threatening than that which went before; till the patient old gentleman went the rounds of a dozen artificial diſorders; with the ſuperadded trial of gulping over drugs without end; the very *names* of which, are ſufficient to *convulſe even a well conditioned ſtomach*. This matter appears as plain to me, as the paper on which I write.

Moreover, Dr. Lee might as well have fixt upon any other of the ſubſtitutional maladies, conſequent upon the *ſuppreſſed gout*, as *the ſediment in the urine*. He needed only to have called its locality, or metaſtaſial fixture, a *weak part*; and with no leſs propriety than he has aſſumed the liberty of pronouncing the *bladder*, in his patient's caſe, a weak part. In purſuance of this idea, let us particularize the *bleeding hæmorrhoids*, or the frequently recurring *ſwelled legs*; he might have made *either* of theſe the ſubject of his Narrative, in lieu of the *ſediment*, and ſet down its ſingularity as worthy of obſervation. For inſtance, when the legs ſwelled, or the piles bled plentifully, that there was *(mirabile dictu!)* no critical depoſit in his urine; or, ſhortly before his death, inſtead of ſaying, "and now the *ſediment*, the *fatal ſediment*, got

out

out of its wonted courſe,* and was *ſuppreſſed for every*" (page 23) he might have ſaid thus, "and now the *ſwelled legs*, the *fatal ſwelled legs*; now the *bleeding piles*, the *fatal bleeding piles*; got out of their wonted courſe, and were *ſuppreſſed for ever*." NIL VERO VERIUS.

Could the patient's conſtitution have continued powerful enough ſtatedly to throw down the ſediment in his urine, I allow he would not have been "ſeized with violent pains in his bowels, an headach, and high fever, which ſnatched him from his relations and friends, on the *eleventh* day of this diſorder" (page 23) but I muſt be allowed an equal right to ſay, that had his conſtitution been powerful enough in continuing to depoſit THE GOUTY DESPUMATION in his legs, or to have given it an outlet by the hœmorrhoidal veſſels, he would have ſurvived, as long as theſe laſted, even ſuppoſing the *ſediment* mean time to have been *ſuppreſſed for ever*. Any one of them would have been a a ſubſtitute for the other, and during its ſtationary returns, have prolonged the old man's life,

* Dr. Lee's expreſſion here is inaccurate. It could not be a *ſediment* till it ſubſided in the urine; and *then*, ſurely, it could not be out of its wonted courſe. The Doctor doubtleſs meant, the *matter* of the ſediment.

life, in defiance of drugs, baths and medical waters: which could have no effect but to ſuſpend, or interrupt, the *inward efforts of the animal œconomy*, which had often before ſurpriſingly prevented him from being ſnatched away from his relations and friends.

From what has been laid before the reader, with no intended diſreſpect to Dr. Lee (whom perſonally I conſider as a gentleman of worthy character) it will appear, he has not had time ſufficient from the elegant and bewitching avocations of pleaſure, deeply to conſider his ſubject: a ſubject, connected with its vaſt varieties, to get at the bottom of which, I have nearly for a dozen years, denied myſelf many of thoſe amuſements and gratifications, which are ſuited to the prime of life, and greedily ſought after by all. Yet I was not thus ſelf-denied, without poſſeſſing as high reliſh for them as moſt men, and which, it is confeſſed, I found exceeding hard to keep within limits: but being always of the mind, on a contemplative view of the object, that the greateſt conqueſts over one's ſelf do not exceed the powers of human exertion, and feeling a pride of conviction, that man's ſublimeſt degree of excellence ariſes from *ſelf-conqueſt*; I ſeriouſly determined to try the

the experiment. I tried it, and tried it, and tried it; and at laſt, in a great meaſure, gained my point: yet, I own it with ſhame, it was not gained without many, many compleat defeats obtained by my *former*, over my *latter* ſelf. But, like the Americans, I grew ſtronger by defeat; and now hope to be permanently ſelf-independent, in ſpite of much more formidable and numerous enemies, than they ever had, or have to contend with: enemies that had not three thouſand miles of ſea to croſs over before they attacked me; but enemies within, without, and all around me; poſſeſſed of every ſtrong out-poſt, every avenue of approach and aſſault, and harraſſing me by night, as well as by day.

It is aſtoniſhing what a command of time was the purchaſe of my endeavours to gain, and to hold the ſceptre of ſelf-government. I may truly be ſaid to live three ages, inſtead of one: and what has got into mine, may get into the power of all. The ſpaces of the dial muſt be filled up with ſomething more than the revolving ſhadow, or time, to us, has no proper exiſtence: in other words, we may be ſaid to *breathe*, but ſcarcely to *live*. I have been often powerfully impreſſed with the idea, that all men, either poſſeſſing the natural or acquired means,

ſhould,

ſhould, in proportion to their extent and influence, be ſtill throwing in ſomething into the common ſtock of uſefulneſs, that ſhall ſurvive himſelf, and be his memorial to all generations: *ſay* ſomething, *do* ſomething, *write* ſomething, which the ſexton cannot ſay over, "duſt to duſt, aſhes to aſhes." For my part, I cannot conceive how any one is to bear his own feelings in another world, when he gets there, or look around him, with nothing to preſent from the world he left, but his *nakedneſs*.

The thought has occurred to me, times without number, when I have been trifling away whole evenings at a ball, and rendered me quite ſelf-diſſatisfied, amid all the gaities and ſplendors of the place, till I got away to *be employed*. Frequently, alſo, at the card table, I have been downrightly *ſcolded* for blunders and careleſſneſs, which were truly owing to recurrences of the ſame thought. In both ſituations, however, I was juſtly puniſhed: I moſt commonly loſt my money, without having any thing to ſhow for it next morning but—ſelf-diſſatisfaction; a purchaſe, ſurely, not worth paying for out of one's pocket.* By

* I do not mean indiſcriminately to condemn *cards*: preſerved inviolate from *loſs of temper*, from *unpoliteneſs*, and a *ſpirit*

By gradually withdrawing myſelf from the circles of pleaſure and diſſipation, I acquired habits of thinking, and opportunities to reflect, which, while it purchaſed for me the character of *ſingularity* (faſhionably eſteemed almoſt paſt forgiveneſs, approaching to--what ſhall I call it--ye ſons and daughters of faſhion) gave me ſuch inſight into variety of ſubjects, on the ſtagnate ſurface of which I uſed, quite contented, to float like my neighbours, as now thoroughly convinces me, there are degrees of wiſdom, knowledge and virtue, habitudes of doing and receiving good, attainable, but hitherto unattained, which will aſtoniſh and delight every one

ſpirit of gambling, they are innocent and pleaſing, to fill up the chaſms of life. Better, ſurely, to be thus amuſingly and harmleſsly employed, than talking ſcandal and defamation; goſſiping in ſilly chit chat; reading light and frothy novels; lounging in arm chairs, or on ſettees; whiſtling or humming ſongs, for lack of thought; ſauntering in the ſtreets and malls; or poſting from mercer's to mercer's, giving trouble, and buying nothing.—Some people *object* to cards, who would ſtab their inoffenſive neighbour's character to the heart; and MANY ſpend *too much* time at the card-table, merely from the inſinuating influence of faſhion and habit; from the unhappy defect of education, which did not provide objects, rational and improving, in ſufficient variety, and of ſuitable importance, to fill up the daily ſpaces of having nothing to do; and, from the want of ſenſible, agreeable, happy tempered companions (for life) to ſee the

ſun

more and more, the oftener he ſteps out of the common road to conſider and adopt them.

To confine myſelf to my own profeſſion at preſent; I no ſooner began ſeriouſly to think about it, that is, view it apart from ſyſtems, and ſyſtem-makers, than I perceived it to be *wrong*, both in its principles and mode of practice. To carry on a profeſſion in the common way, after being convinced that that common way was wrong, ſtruck me with a degree of force, connected with ſhame, which was unrepellable. The *old man* within me ſunk under it; and was buried in one of the royal college of orthodoxy's deepeſt graves, with the uſual ſentence pronounced, "duſt to duſt—aſhes to aſhes."—But out of the latter a phœnix aroſe; the *new man*, a novelty to myſelf, and the gaze of Hippocrates's world: he needed not a clergyman to give him a *name*: MEDICAL INCREDULITY

ſun to-bed, and ſee him riſe—not ſetting to abbreviate their happineſs, and then riſing to behold it; but to prove that VIRTUE can always turn night into day, darkneſs into light, by her more than touch of Ethurial's ſpear.—Cards were firſt invented (and not without much ingenuity) to entertain a *Dauphin* of France: yet, though originally invented to prevent a prince being *tired of himſelf*; WISE MEN may uſe them as they would any other means of ſalutary relaxation from buſineſs or ſtudy.

INCREDULITY appeared in capitals on his forehead. Though this his *true* name, others have been kindly given him; ſuch as Dr. *Strange-man*; Dr. *Eccentric-man*; Dr. *Imprudent-man*; Dr. *Abſurd-man*; Dr. *Ridiculous-man*; Dr. *Troubleſome-man*; Dr. *Provoking-man*; Dr. *Intolerable-man*; Dr. *Dangerous-man*, and Dr. *Every-thing-that's-bad-man*.

A phyſician, to execute his truſt with fidelity, ſucceſs, and honour, ſhould every day of his life, *think* more than he did at the college, nor *read* leſs. Inſtead of this, if a large portion of *every day* be devoted to trifles, ſuch as catch vulgar eyes and ears, to pleaſure and common amuſements, which are all enemies to *thought*, and require none (except as a relaxation from, conſequently, a preparative for ſtudy) he neither advances the ſcience he profeſſes, beyond the ſuccuſſative pace of a trade, nor can he be honourably acquitted, either as morally accountable to himſelf, or to Heaven. If he does not leave the *healing art*, the profeſſional adopting of his deliberate choice, and the public buſineſs of his life, more illuminated in the ſimplicity of its rules, and more certainly ſucceſsful in the tenor of its practice, than he may have found it, he will have lived in vain, and practiſed in vain. Why then did he live at all?

Science and human knowledge, are progreſſive in their nature. Every attempt to ſtop them, is an attempt to ſtop the ſun in its progreſs from the eaſt to the weſt. But in one reſpect, the ſun cannot be their emblem; they never ſet like him.—In the ſcience of phyſic particularly, whatever proceeds on the maxims of antiquity, *muſt be wrong*, though Hippocrates himſelf the father of theſe maxims. This celebrated ancient, lived about 400 years before Chriſt; therefore, the interval between his epoch and ours, A. D. 1782, is more than 2000 years. During this great ſpace of time, what progreſs has *Phyſic* made? Anſw. none, in any eſſential point. It naps or hallucinates in HIPPOCRATIC ELBOW-CHAIR at this day: as a conſequence, we have a *miſnomer* of more than twenty centuries, in medical improvement, and benefit to mankind.

Inſtead of Hippocrates being conſidered as a *pater conſultus* only for his own age; we find nothing more, for 2000 years, but children and children's children, raiſed up to this vetuſt, bearded Father. We ſhall only mention his deſcendants of great name, and in chronological order. *Galen*, *Paracelſus*, *Harvey*, *Sydenham*, and *Boerhaave*. Their numerous bi-millenial

offſpring,

offspring, lineal and collateral, to this day, are only to be ſet down with the ſtars of Heaven, or the ſands upon the ſea-ſhore.

Hippocrates's aphoriſms, upon which thoſe of Boerhaave are chiefly founded, excepting certain alterations connected with the true circulation of the blood, unknown to the former, are the *goſpel* of modern practice, and more ſuperſtitiouſly venerated and obſerved, than the REAL GOSPEL. One characteriſtic excellence, however, the latter has over the former, and what ſhould recommend it to univerſal acceptance, and that is, its divine ſimplicity and clearneſs of meaning: whereas the former, as all ſpurious Goſpels ever are, is ſyſtematically comlex, intricate, and embarraſſed. It is, notwithſtanding, what the royal colleges of phyſicians have formed their *pharmacopæias* upon; and which, of courſe, every phyſician makes the ſtandard of his practic; the phyſicians of England, uſing the London; thoſe of Scotland, the Edinburgh; and thoſe of Ireland, the Dublin *pharmacopæia*. It remains to be obſerved, that while ſuch compoſitions are put into the hands of young practitioners, *by authority*, Phyſic will remain in the ſtate Religion is at this day, in conſequence of leaning on creeds and articles (ſpiritual

(ſpiritual diſpenſatories) oppreſſed with learned error, and technical obſcurity. Similar cauſes always produce ſimilar effects. Religion, in our day, is a mere holiday farce, a mere ſunday's rareſhow; with no more *every day* effect on the morals of Britain, than on thoſe of of the Siberian, or Gentoo. Why? Becauſe it has been lopt off from the tree of knowledge, THE SCRIPTURES, where alone it had nouriſhment adapted to its growth, and ingrafted on the barren ſtumps of creeds and articles.* Phyſic likewiſe, leaning upon royal colleges and pharmacopœias; retailing the confident aſſertions of dark, ſuperſtitious ages (centering in Hippocrates as a kind of primary focus, but collecting upward to him through a variety of ſmaller lenſes) is, at the diſtance of 2000 years *(now)* as much a matter of doubt and gueſs, conſequently, precarious and

* One of our great modern hiſtorians, Dr. Stuart, of Edinburgh, declares himſelf of the ſame opinion; and, I have no doubt, were not his very eminent rival in hiſtory, the Rev. Dr. Robertſon, a *clergyman*, he would think ſo likewiſe. People imbued with early prejudices from a college, in favour of a profeſſion, with which their worldly intereſts are inſeparably connected, and having their thoughts and ſtudies ever principally turned to that one object, need (almoſt) a *new birth*, to think comprehenſively, or diſpaſſionately. Beſide, the feelings of men, touched by the magic golden magnet of *gain*, have two points only, like the compaſs,

and unſafe, as it was *then*.—One of the lateſt medical caſes laid before the public, is a proof of this; that of Dr. Lee, which has been now animadverted upon. Nor is my countryman much in blame, as his living ſeniors of the profeſſion, with the accumulated knowledge of 2000 years before them, argue and reaſon as the venerable charlatan would have done of old. It is to be hoped, that Dr. Lee will feel the ſpur of the occaſion; get out of the trammels of the Royal Society; ſpurn *precedents*, and *ipſe dixits*, whenceſoever they may come recommended; and believe nothing, truſt nothing, on the authority of *great names* (which, in general, are great deceivers) without believing and truſting, from his own *repeated experience*.

The concluding paragraph of the Doctor's pamphlet, with the conſideration of which, I ſhall

compaſs, at which the needle ſettles, that of *themſelves*, and that of their *families*; while *reaſon* and *reflection*, not thus magically touched, repreſent the deſerted points. Such ſingular lights of the world as HOADLY, MIDDLETON, and LOCKE, ſeldom glitter in the intellectual hemiſphere; diſpelling the vapours of ſuperſtition; the thick miſts of prejudice; and the ſtill thicker of error and falſe doctrine. Like comets, they are ſeldom ſeen; but as theſe in the natural, ſo thoſe in the intellectual world, come on errands of renewed ſtrength and refocillation to their reſpective, exhauſted ſyſtems and latitudes.

ſhall conclude mine, ſhows he has not deeply inveſtigated his ſubject, or thrown any light upon it, beyond the lamp-oil glimmers of a college. "By this method the patient was duly *prepared*; and the BATH WATER generally brought down the *ſediment*, or occaſioned a fit of the GOUT." The preparation conſiſted in the patient's taking Dr. Lee's aperient, nervous pills, aſſiſted by a mixture of *tinct. rhab.* and *tinct. ſacr.* How was it poſſible for our narrator to know, in conſequence of having never given a fair lengthened trial to any one of the three, viz. the aperient, nervous pills, without the tinctures, the latter without the former, or the Bath water without the uſe of either; to which certainly to attribute the coming down of the ſediment, or the return of the gout? Did Dr. Lee's pills and tinctures, or the Bath waters, give the old gentleman his firſt fits of the gout? No! he had them, probably, before Dr. Lee was born, and ſome *luſtres* before he viſited Bath. His *conſtitution* was his beſt doctor, preſcribing without fees, and infallible in all its operations. Every thing that requires preparation, that is, ability for a particular office or act, muſt be impotent in itſelf: impotent in itſelf, all attempts to ſet off and recommend it, is an impoſition (however unintended) on the ignorance and credulity of the world.

One

One of the fashionable epidemic DISEASES of the times is, the rage of mineral-water-drinking. We have many others, national and dominant; but *this* I would point out as not the least. Less attentive to our own constitutions and health, than those of our horses, hounds, and lapdogs; we eat, drink (chiefly the former) and indulge (unadmonishable) in all excesses and extravagances of *pleasure*: then—for *miracles* to obviate the effects of our indiscretions and imprudences—we apply to mineral waters and baths, in copartnership with a class of big-wigged, powdered gentlemen, called—*physicians*. But as *miracles* have ceased, and neither waters nor doctors can supply *their* place; I would advise my cotemporaries of all ranks, sexes, ages, and circumstances, to spare some moments from fashionable trifling, and polite folly, to—*think of themselves*—and not, with the most absurd infatuation suppose, that priests can *save* their souls, or physicians their bodies, without saving *both* THEMSELVES, by pure morals, inflexible truth, rigid integrity, strict temperance, and dignified self-denial.—These are the Saviours of *all* men, and *every* man.

THE END.

Lately published by Dr. Stevenson,

A succesful Method of treating the

GOUT.

CASES in MEDICINE:

Occasioned by a variety of professional incidents, *which have happened in the town of* Newark. *Second edition, corrected and much enlarged, by a* supplementary Preface. *The doctrine of the foregoing Tract is herein extended, illustrated and confirmed.*

An HYMN to the DEITY, &c.

A REPLY

TO

EDWARD HARRISON,

Member of the Royal Medical Society, Edinburgh.

AND

An ODE to PEACE,

(SECOND EDITION)

WITH TWO PREFACES,

Adapted to the

Serious Aspect of THE TIMES.

APPENDIX.

Noli homines blando nimium ſermone probare:
Fiſtula dulcé canit volucrem dum decipit auceps.

JUST as this pamphlet was ready for publication, a friend ſent me the Critical Review for Auguſt, wherein a writer, in its monthly catalogue, preſumes to make free with my Caſes in Medicine, &c. I ſay a friend ſent it to me, for I have not ſuffered that *literary menſtruation* to pollute my ſhelf of books, ſince the time of the political principles it diſcovered, *i. e.* at the commencement of the civil war with OURSELVES; I mean the American colonies.—Principles! ſufficient to damn any periodical publication; and which, in the new weſtern world, will gibbet the *Critical Review* to everlaſting infamy.—Principles! that will ſtink in the noſtrils of poſterity: every man's finger, even the fingers of children, pointing out to the *Critical Reviews*, for ſix years paſt, as ſo many ravenous vultures, hovering over the obſcene and putrid carcaſe.—Principles! in their reſults, that have undone this once mighty empire; ſunk it, from the meridian of political

glory, to its oppoſite, the antipodal of diſgrace. —Principles! that inſulted, and ſet at nought, the majeſty of the people—the only innate majeſty of any kingdom—and betrayed its emblem, *perſonal majeſty*, into the hands of Judaſes, and wicked men.—Principles! that have raiſed PAGANISM from the grave of corruption, where the bloated monſter had been putrifying for upwards of a thouſand years, and attempted burying CHRISTIANITY in its room.—Principles! (to end with the moſt pitiful of all contraſts and inſtances of the bathos) that have exhauſted the reſources of the nation; expended an hundred times ten hundred thouſand pounds, additional to the deſtruction of an hundred thouſand lives.—For what? To gain a three-penny tax on tea!—Infinitely more worthleſs ſtill—if *more* can be—to feed and clothe, by the month, a ſtarved *Critical Reviewer!!!*

It is needleſs to inform the reader, that nothing could tempt a man to be a Reviewer, but want of bread, or inſufferable perſonal vanity.* That

* I am hurt to ſee ſo reſpectable a man and writer as Mr. MATY, ſecretary to the Royal Society, and under librarian to the Britiſh Muſeum, publiſh this declaration, monthly. "All communications, which the author may reject without aſſigning a reaſon, will be thankfully received" What correſpondent

That every man has a right to *have* an opinion, and to *publiſh* it, I am proud to acknowledge; as the privilege is one of the firſt belonging to our nature, and is inherited from God himſelf: but, that any man, even a King upon a throne, has a right to be an eſtabliſhed, periodical, dictating,

reſpondent of ſpirit, ſentiment, or genius, would think of ſubmitting to ſo humiliating a condition? The monarch ſhould not be indulged in ſuch a requiſition, did he make it. That one man, however reputable in character, or honourable in ſituation, ſhould have a *negative* on whatever might be ſent him; ſhould be the ſingle mouth and pen of the republic of letters and antiquities, is indeed too, too much. The King, on a political throne, has a negative upon the *communications* of the ſenate without aſſigning a reaſon, becauſe the people ſeated him on that throne, and inveſted him with that high privilege: but ſhall a reviewer who has ſeated himſelf on a literary throne, and ſtretches his monthly ſceptre over the ſons of Science and Literature, who never acknowledged themſelves his *ſubjects*, claim a ſimilar privilege? No! I hope the academic and philoſophic ſpirit of modern times, is too high and independent for any thing ſo tame and degrading.—Mr. Maty, however, has a decided plea of merit above his *brethren of lunar inſpiration*. He ſigns his name to his criticiſms; and gives copious extracts from books, without obtruding much of his own, in anticipation of the opinion of his readers. This is fair, honourable, and manly. The conduct of the *critical reviewers*, on the contrary, is cowardly, treacherous, and diſgraceful.—Writing of Reviews, what a gauntlet have authors to run, in our day! No leſs than ſix Reviews, every month!—Yet *one* more I could wiſh to ſee, with a monthly cat-of-nine-tails in its hand, to laſh the backs of the other ſix, as often as thoſe backs deſerved to be *laid bare*.

tating, public *cenſor*, I deny, with indignity, and ſcorn. What authority makes him ſuch? His *own*. Who pays for the uſurpation? A *bookſeller*. Genius and Learning *in the pay* of bookſellers? For ſhame, Genius! For ſhame, Learning! No wonder we have ſo many political hirelings and tools; WRETCHES under the dominion of a bribe, from lords to coblers; *thoſe* voting in ſenates, and *theſe* in their ſtalls, to betray their country; when the ſons of ſcience and learning, which like the ſun, ſhould illuminate the world, and like the power of gravity and attraction, keep it poiſed and ſteady, ſtretch forth their hands for the infamous temptation!—Judas was tempted a ſingle time, by Jewiſh Prieſts, to do what he repented of, and hanged himſelf for; but they, *every moon* (looking pale on the deed) accept of the guilty bribe, without repenting of it! As to their not hanging themſelves, in conſequence of repenting, I wiſh them no ſuch ill (deſpicable as they deſervedy are in my eyes) as to ſee a ſtake ſtuck through their dead bodies.

Some ysars ago, when in London, I publiſhed a political tract,* ſtating, on new ground, the nature

* The liberal, independent reader who *dares* to *think*, *ſpeak*,

nature and principles of the fatal *American controverſy*; ground I tread on at this day, and ground of which I think I cannot be diſpoſeſſed. The Critical Reviewers, ſtanding on the old rotten ground, giving way to the dead preſſure of paſſive obedience, and non-reſiſtance, bawled out, from one of their LUNAR MOUTHS, that the writer deſerved a *ſtrait waiſtcoat*. In a ſubſequent publication was this rejoinder, which perhaps the reader will not be diſpleaſed to ſee reprinted, as "a rod on the fool's back," and "a curb in the aſs's mouth."

"The Critical Reviewers, have adopted an eaſy method of getting an author off their hands, the

ſpeak, and *write*, at the riſk of offending kings and prieſts; is not *aſhamed* to be a Philoſopher, Coſmopolitan, Chriſtian; in three words—A SINGULAR MAN; will not, it is preſumed, diſreliſh the following verſes, taken from the work above mentioned, relative to a truly great literary character, *now* living, who having attained the pathos and ſublime of ethics, moved like the Spirit of God, on the troubled ſurface, did afterwards kneel at St. James's, wrote—(O oblivion! thou negative of thought and ſpeech, bury "Taxation no Tyranny," in one of thy deepeſt and moſt inacceſſible vaults) and was content to become a *common man* for a—penſion!—What haſt thou done, O unnatural American war! O unjuſt American war! O cruel American war! O deſtructive American war! O diſaſtrous American war! O irremediably fatal American war!

Born

the generous ſpirit and tendency of whoſe writings they diſlike, by marking him as an object of lunacy, therefore, a fit inhabitant for an hoſpital. Charitable creatures! Yet in the overflowings of their charity for others, they have forgot the common adage (never more applicable than at preſent) "that charity ſhould begin at home." Should a receptacle for political lunatics be expedient, who prithee are ſo fit objects as thoſe unhappy men, that are *mad enough* to perſiſt in the wrong, even when it ſtares them in the face, and after they have inſtituted *faſt-days*, to atone for it? Such are our

Born with a poignant, philoſophic taſte,
Bright his ideas, his conceptions chaſte;
Born with a fancy ethics heights to ſoar,
Where rob'd in light but angels ſoar'd before:
Born with thoſe maſculine, ſuperior pow'rs,
No ſchools beſtow, the gift of Heav'n, not ours;
To trace the mazes of the human mind,
And all the ſecret ſprings that move mankind;
Whether of friendſhip, love, of hope, hate, fear,
With perceant inſight, accuracy ſevere:
The bard admir'd, the critic ſternly dread,
Form'd both at Inſpiration's fountain head;
To mark thoſe beauties, that creation new,
Shakeſpeare from his exhauſtleſs treaſures drew;
Depaint with art's whole lore, but nature's ken,
The ſhining glories of the claſſic pen;
The Attic, Roman genius to pervade,
In all it's bold reſults of light and ſhade;

Nay,

our preſent ignorant, blundering, irreſolute, obſtinate, irreclaimable miniſters, with their ſorry coadjutors of the quill, the Critical Reviewers.—Even a madman, in ſo excellent a cauſe, as that of liberty, is a reſpectable being, in compariſon with him who *grows mad* on the ſide of ſlavery and deſpotiſm. The one is a generous, elevated, ſublime ſort of madman. The other dark, ſullen, malignant, and implacable. The one would rapturouſly take you by the hand, and lead you forth into creation, to enjoy all that is beautiful and enchanting around you.

Nay, while his eye o'er their rich landſkips thrown,
To ſketch out finer landſkips of his own;
His diction with invention's noon-tide glowing,
With grace, ſtrength, energy, majeſtic flowing:
Such once was J—N, e'er diſeas'd and poor,
He ſat a beggar at St. James's door;
As poor in ſpirit, as in ſoul diſeas'd,
With alms like other wretched paupers pleas'd;
J—N, the mighty J—N, mighty wit,
With tops and marbles, like a ſchoolboy ſmit;
Bought for his talents, as the Indian ſells
His furs and ores, for trinkets, beads and bells.
A drudge TAXATIONAL, brib'd pamphleteer,
For pottage-meſs—three hundred pounds a year;
Aſperſing and belying, like a ſlave,
Three millions of the virtuous, free, and brave.
O! piteous lapſe of faculties divine,
A diamond on the muzzle of a ſwine!
A Bacon's lapſe from fame, moſt vile, moſt wiſe,
And Lucifer twice fallen from the ſkies!

you. The other would ſeize you with the iron graſp of ſavage ferocity; drive you before him, like an ox or an aſs, and plunge you into the horrors of a dungeon. Which of the two then ſhould ſeem beſt entitled to *the cloſeſt cell*, and *ſtraiteſt waiſtcoat?* The madman who ſmiles innocently in your face, and wiſhes to do you *every* good; or *the worſe* than madman, who frowns, lours, and grins at you, without wiſhing to do you *any* good! In ſhort, is not the *monthly* madman, whoſe genius is periodical, and whoſe paroxyſms of critical wit, increaſe with the moon, the true lunatic?—How eaſily may the weapons of theſe men be turned againſt themſelves, were it worth while to ſmite a graſshopper, or blow away a gnat from the mouth of a cannon!"

After premiſing thus much, I will condeſcend to take more particular notice of the monthly article alluding to me; though it is a degradation of my pen, and almoſt a blamable expenditure of time, every moment of which I can fill up with honourable, and uſeful objects, to notice either it or the writer.

This ſcribbler of criticiſms (ſome unemployed phyſician, perhaps, as deſtitute of liberal

ral genius, as daily bread) begins with saying WE. Who are *we? Ego et rex meus.* Quintilian, I know, and Bently, I know; but WHO ARE YE?—The monthly drudge and hireling of a bookseller, who *must* write, while every new moon slips the dirty bribe into his hand, whether he will or no, to style *itself* WE! Why do not the sons of Genius and Learning fly in the faces of such *we's*; or pray Heaven to set a mark upon them, as upon *Cain* of old? He, in a fit of passion, killed a man: they, in cold blood, hire themselves out to kill characters. I have no doubt but a chimney-sweeper, by and by, black as the devil himself; or the leather aproned cobler, the one brandishing his brush, the other his awl, instead of a pen, will call himself WE. The prototype we-mongers will be honoured by the imitation, and Mr. *Soot* should be rewarded by the *booksellers*, for the distinction he confers on their literary trainbands.

How unfortunate am I, by so many necessities being thrown my way, to wade through nonsense, vulgarity, and absurdity! In my reply to Mr. Harrison, I flattered myself with the reflection, that I had broken the neck of professional ignorance, rusticity, and conceit; but the nasty catalogue critic (pardon me, O

holy Genius of Criticiſm!—I proſtitute the term *critic)* for Auguſt, has ſprouted out a freſh muſhroom from the ſame ſtinking dunghil.—It ſhall be an *ephemeron*, in pity to the eye and noſe of ten thouſand readers.—The bloated, vegetative toadſtool, ſeems ſo like that lately ſent to Newark, as a *preſent* to Dr. Stevenſon, that I am not diſinclined to think, Mr. Harriſon, and THE CATALOGUED CRITIC are—*alter et idem*.

This *critic's* yawn after wit, in the firſt paragraph, which, as moſt yawns do, fell at length aſleep, is only afterwards compenſated for by a yawn of the underſtanding, that is, want of argument. He talks of Dr. S. having been at Wells, practiſed there, and recommended bliſters, as a ſpecific remedy for the gout. The public knew this before. What a ſilly trifler! Is this argument? Is this reaſoning?

"We muſt tell the ſtory in *plainer terms*, and probably may tell it *too plainly*." Mr. *We* ſhould have ſaid, "we will tell the ſtory in *dirty terms*, and probably may tell it *too dirtily*." What ſtory? A trumpt up one of the *critic's* (pardon me, reader, for again throwing away a reſpectable name on the unknown ſtoryteller) deſtitute

deſtitute of truth and meaning. Does he hint at the matter of my narrative, wherein the apothecaries of Newark are repreſented as they juſtly merited? That narrative is already before the public, to ſpeak for itſelf. Are readers in general to take his *ſtory* for that narrative? He would wiſh it, I am perſuaded, and thus impoſe on that world which ſupports him monthly, through the medium of three bookſellers.—This poor caſuiſt goes on thus;

"Dr. Stevenſon has been conſequently cenſured (for his pointed deriſion of the Bark) his buſineſs ſeems to have declined, and *hinc illæ lacrymæ*." Now, Mr. Reviewer Critical, I am to tell you, your inſinuation is *falſe:* the very reverſe is true. The oppoſition of the apothecaries, originating from a treacherous and covetous deſign, has given him a degree of buſineſs unexampled, I believe, in moſt places, in favour of a ſtranger. The eyes of mankind are to be opened, though they have been ſo long kept ſhut by the craft and villainy of a profeſſion. Beſide as much buſineſs in Newark, and its vicinities, as a conſcientious diſcharge of duty to all and every one alike would wiſh, he has had many epiſtolary patients, from great diſtances, *viz.* Birmingham, Hull, Bath, London,

don, &c. from the people's having read his treatiſes with honeſt eyes, awoke as if from a dream. Theſe are on the increaſe; and he perceives a ſomething that tells him, both inwardly perceived, and authenticated by facts from without, that if he live twenty years, a prolongation of life naturally to be expected from ſtrict regularity and a good conſtitution, he will have the pleaſure, to him a ſuperior pleaſure, of ſeeing the *Healing Art* (in the hands of a a SAVIOUR, one of the proofs of his divine commiſſion) moving on its proper ground; that of truth, diſintereſtedneſs, ſimplicity, and common ſenſe.

Nothing can be true, that is not diſintereſted; nothing can be ſure in its principles, or uſeful to mankind, the characteriſtic of which is not ſimplicity; and nothing is to be believed, whether regarding the *health* of ſoul or body, that is not plain to common underſtanding. In the interval of an event ſo devoutly deſirable, the nibbling arts and ſubterfuges of ſuch men as *our* preſent penſioned ſcribe, will be but the preludes and notifications, that what HONEST MEN have baited for will ſoon be in their poſſeſſion.—How ridiculous is the ſubſequent *compliment*.

"In

" In this view (that of lacrymating for loſs of buſineſs, in conſequence of innovations which the *witty* complimenter *cenſures* and *condemns)* Dr. Stevenſon's conduct ſeems to have been honeſt, generous and humane, and to deſerve the ſupport of every friend to mankind." Yet for this *honeſty*, this *generoſity*, and this *humanity*, he is to be cenſured and condemned! This man's compliment is the vileſt ſatire. In it we have a *relative* without an *antecedent*; which proves the compliment-payer knows as little of grammar, as he does of argument, reaſoning, and urbanity. Argument and reaſoning he has none. The whole foul page and a half are blotted with the dirt of common, hacknied thoughts and expreſſions; ſet off in tiſſue by vulgar ſneers, unintended anti-witticiſms, and baſe and falſe inuendos. — If he do not make an apology to Dr. S. in ſome future review, Dr. S. will not ſcruple to call him, *in propria perſona*, inſtead of one of Meſſrs. Hamilton, Robinſon and Baldwin's inviſible *monthly bullies*, in literature, as little a proficient in breeding, as learning and knowledge.—How unfortunate am I to have profeſſional waſps and gnats faſtening on me from all quarters; ſnakes hiſſing at me, hid in graſs; and owls hooting from amid the gloom: but no generous, noble,

lion

lion to aſſail, whoſe roar announces his approach, and who ſpares even when he vanquiſhes!

" He has accuſed *ſome of us* (monthly critics *we* mean) of unfairneſs in not giving quotations from his laſt pamphlet (this is not true, for, *laſt pamphlet*, is nowhere mentioned). *We* ſhall not even enquire (inſufferable inſolence, from the menial ſcribe of a bookſeller) how far *we* are blamable, but ſhall diſcharge our duty to the public." Diſcharge their duty without taking time to enquire whether they are right or wrong! What a compliment to the public! and what an audacious freedom taken by—*Inviſibility*, ſtep forth, thou lying, ſcurrilous thing! and let us know thy countenance, form and dimenſions.*—Shall the public take their judgment of a book from ananonymous moon-ſtruck ſlave

* Notwithſtanding this arrogant declaration, time was when the CRITICAL REVIEWERS found themſelves *obliged* to change their manner in this particular; and time may be again, when they ſhall. About four years ago I ſtrictured them, for not doing an act of common juſtice to their readers, by rudely obtruding their opinions upon thoſe readers, inſtead of laying quotations before them, in order that they might form *their own*. The ſtricture ſtung them into ſenſibility. Reviewing a future publication of mine, they diſcovered themſelves not totally hardened againſt reproof. THEY GAVE A QUOTATION WITHOUT AN OPINION.

ſlave of the quill? No! I hope not. The public are often deceived, but I ſhould wiſhingly preſume, *Deception* (an arch-fiend from the world of darkneſs) has not got ſo faſt an hold of that public.

What does this perſon, calling himſelf *we*, mean, by the term public? Are three bookſellers the public, to which the duty is performed? Get away, maſter We-man, to feaſt at thoſe bookſellers tables, and pledge them in cups of gratitude; but do not, henceforth, dare to inſult readers with the implication, that theſe three gentlemen, your employers (however men of private worth) are what we are to underſtand by the great, comprehenſive term, *the public*.—They are your maſters, paying you monthly wages; but neither they nor you, maſter *We*, are to be proprietors of, or dictators to the public. The public is not under *pay*, thank God: that GREAT PERSONAGE, greater than all the monarchs upon earth, has not yet accepted of a bribe.—Reſpecting the ſneer at bliſters, know Mr. *We*,

Dr. Stevenſon has a *monopoly of bliſtering* without obtaining it from any Scriblerius, dead or alive. And what is more, Mr. *We*, his ink is

a ſaturation to the brim of *Cantharides*, and is now applied to your critical back, to prevent, if poſſible, future paroxyſms of lunar literary madneſs: and as he is very apt to preſcribe without *fees*, ſo, without one, he preſcribes this epiſpaſtic for Mr. *We*. Should the conſequent inflammation and flux of humours run high, dreſs the ſore with the ointment of *humility*; over it lay the ſoftening poultice of *reſignation*, and over all, gently tighten the bandage of *being content*. REPETANTUR, DURANTE VITA.

"But though *we* (thoſe *we-iſms* have almoſt the effect of tartar emetic upon me) by no means approve of the conduct of too many practitioners, who fill their preſcriptions with uſeleſs medicines, to oblige the apothecaries, yet *we* think the gentlemen of Newark (what is it *We* means by *this phraſe?* Are four apothecaries *the gentlemen* of Newark?) very properly oppoſed a man, who raſhly deſpiſed many valuable medicines." The term *raſhly* is untrue and unjuſt. I deſpiſe *moſt drugs* for their futility and inſignificance, as I deſpiſe, on the ſame account, the impudent aſſertor of my raſhneſs in deſpiſing them: I deſpiſe them upon the cool, ſedate, uninfluenced conviction of twelve years experiencing they *ought* to be deſpiſed; and if

I live a dozen of years more, I ſhall deſpiſe the *raſh* inſinuator, as much as I do them, if he dares then to *criticiſe* his BETTERS, and write no better than he does *now*.

This wretched critic acknowledges what I have oppoſed the apothecaries of Newark for, to be "the practice of too many," yet he ſays they have *juſtly* oppoſed me. Inconſiſtent and prepoſterous! Pray, Mr. *We*, in a point of deep reſearch, inveloped obſcurity, liberal experience, and lucrative conſequences, whether is a man of academical education, and habitual diſintereſtedneſs (ſo from principle) or the apothecaries, who as profeſſionally thinking, willing, and acting in *one way*, are juſtly to be conſidered as *one man*, without academical education, in general, and who have an enormity of profit on the drugs they PRESCRIBE, beſt qualified to give an upright, and judicious verdict! I would leave the anſwer to the queſtion, decidedly in favour of the former, to all mankind but an *apothecary*, or *the critical reviewer* now before me, in the trappings of mock-royalty, the plural number.

He talks of "the experience of ages." Experienced non-reaſoner! Paganiſm was the *ex-*

perience of ages: would he oppoſe Revelation? —Popery is the *experience* of ages: would he cenſure the Reformation?—Paſſive obedience, and non-reſiſtance, were the *experience* of ages: would he condemn the Revolution?—And, to quit generals for a particular, the Anti-Harvean ſyſtem was the *experience* of ages: would he deny the true circulation of the blood?—The experience of ages, is the *folly* of ages, which rendered a firſt and ſecond Revelation neceſſary; in the divine boſom of which, many future revolutions and reformations lie, like the *aurelia*, wrapt about and inviſible for a time, but anon to wing their way to Heaven.

"*We* (the inſolent pluraliſm, offended reader, ſhall ſoon no more offend: Mr. *Singular-plurality*, a monſter, yclept CRITICAL REVIEWER, is about to hide itſelf in its den) ſhall candidly own, that *we* (the three bookſellers and *their* critic) perceive few marks of his experience in the cure of diſeaſes, and very few proofs of his medical erudition." As to experience, his aſſertion is *another falſity*; for I have given *many* proofs of it, in my Caſes in Medicine. On a more attentive peruſal, ſhould he ſtill be an unbelieving Thomas, with nought of the ſcriptural Thomas but his unbelief, let the

the bookſellers, his employers, bear his road-charges down to Newark, and (when *I am not at home*, to have the ſhame and mortification to ſee the *puny critic*, on whom I have thrown away this Appendix) *there*, if not ſuddenly ſtruck blind with envy and ſpite, he may *ſee*, inſtead of *reading*, of my ſucceſs. One hint, however, I have to give him, if he would ſee clearly and diſtinctly, which is, that he would not previouſly viſit *certain profeſſional deſcripts*, in that town; as there a great deal of *apothecary duſt* is flying, which thrown into his eyes, might blind him, even to ſo large an object as the beautiful ſpire of Newark.

"He owns, however, that his *little* experience has repreſſed much of his confidence."—Where did this ſorry critic meet with theſe words? They are not mine; they are his; and I muſt call him an infamous *forger*. Unhappily there is no act of parliament to lay hold of him for ſuch an offence: ſentimentally, however, he is no leſs criminal than he, puſhed on perhaps by preſſing neceſſities, who forges a bank note. Nor am I backward to declare it as my opinion, that he who can forge *words*, and paſs them on the world as thoſe of another, to that other's prejudice, would forge a draft upon

upon the bank, did not the terrors of an *hempen ligature* with-hold him. A perſon guilty of deliberate wickedneſs in one inſtance, would multiply that one to a ſcore, were the temptation tantamount to the riſk.

My words are, "I can aſſure the reader that, when I left the college, ſixteen years ago, I thought myſelf a better phyſician than I think myſelf now."* This open confeſſion, inſtead of *little*, was the honeſt reſult of GREAT experience; ſo that this pretended critic has either written a *falſehood*, or he has baſely, and unlike a gentleman, perverted my meaning: let the pretender to what he is not, take his choice. And let me return good for evil, and inform him of what he ſeems not to know, though ſitting in the chair of criticiſm (a baboon habited like a man) that the more experience a wiſe and honeſt man has, whether regarding life, or a profeſſion, he will be more and more ſenſible of the defects and imperfections of human knowledge and attainment.

This calumniator would ſugar the edge of the cup he intended to contain a poiſon, in theſe words,

* Caſes in Medicine, page 70. Second edition.

words, " *we* are glad of theſe ſymptoms of *returning health*, and may find him hereafter an agreeable acquaintance, and an uſeful inſtructor." No, Mr. *We*, you are incapable of inſtruction, as appears by the uncandid, unjuſt, and falſifying liberties you have taken with my Caſes in Medicine; but Mr. *We*, through you the world ſhall be inſtructed, every opportunity that may occur, to expoſe *your* falſe principles of criticiſm, your pretences to give judgment in the court of literature and ſcience, taking on you the *guilt* of being judge, evidence, and jury, in your own cauſe; without any of the wiſdom, and probity of the firſt; the open truth-ſpeaking ſimplicity of the ſecond; or the cool, well inſtructed impartiality of the laſt.

" What he now thinks of his theſis, he may probably hereafter think of this work." What! a man become a boy again? On the moſt ſolid grounds of mature experience, an impugner of eſtabliſhed college ſyſtems, and antiquated aphoriſms, once more commence a *ſtudent*, liſtening to theſe as to the oracles of God! The *bull* is compleat; and had Mr. *We* diſcovered any of the noble and generous principles of an IRISHMAN (which he has not) I ſhould have ſet him down, as having been dipt deep in the *Shannon*.

" *We*

"*We* (keep your temper, reader! this is positively the last time the insolent nos-cism for an unknown *individual*, shall offend you) must observe that however reprehensible Dr. Stevenson may be (*reprehensible*—saucy, lurking, reviler!) his opponents have not been FREE OF BLAME." Free of blame! No, officious casuist! they are loaded with blame; a burden every one sees oppressing them; without their having the common sense to throw it on the broad and graceful shoulders of *Repentance* and *Humility*; two cherubs of almighty power, ready to be the saviours of all mankind, instead of that insignificant part of it who have *attempted* to oppose a reformation in physic: I say attempted, for the result will be a dwarf taking up, and wielding, the club of Hercules.—Confidence contrary to the opinion of *our critic*, is the central pillar of TRUTH, when it cannot be *removed* or *shaken* but by—a cobweb fastened to it, or the foot of an insect-pressing its surface.

Christianity stands upon the pillar of *confidence!* The Reformation from Popery stands on the pillar of *confidence!* The Revolution, from slavery to freedom, stands on the pillar of *confidence!* And *all* future Reformations, or meliorations of human principles, and character,

MUST

MUST ſtand on the *ſame pillar*; or Truth will prove like the tower of Babel, a levelled monument of human vanity, and confuſion of tongues. The preſent ſtate of the world, ſtrikingly repreſents that *faſtidious tower*; and, as *it* did, muſt fall, when ſome Sampſon is found to put his ſhoulders to it, without being buried in its ruins.—TRUTH IS THE MOST CONFIDENT OF ALL ASSERTORS IN THE CREATION.

"It has been ſuggeſted, that the repreſentations of the other party (Dr. Stevenſon's opponents) have been very different." What, Mr. Critic, have you been correſponding with the apothecaries of Newark? Produce your ſuggeſtor, or ſuggeſtors: I ſay, it is a FALSEHOOD, that my opponents in this town have, *by the preſs*, dared to offer any repreſentations different from mine; and if not by the preſs, they are, in private whiſpers, as contemptible and mendacious, as YOUR *anonymous* animadverſions upon ME.—No, Mr. Anti-Critic! the repreſentations of my opponents in Newark, have been *miſrepreſentations*, ſculking in darkneſs, afraid and aſhamed to face the light.—You, Sir, ſculk, aſſaſſin-like, in the ſame daſtardly, ignominious regions of INVISIBILITY. Bats cling to the wall, in *darkneſs*; birds and beaſts

beaſts of prey go forth on errands of violence, and blood, in *darkneſs*; the fox, the moſt cunning and deceitful of all animals, delights, riots, and ſurfeits, in *darkneſs*; Satan only SEES in *the dark*; and you, Critical Reviewer, for Auguſt, 1782, with my other numerous, but impotent and ſelf-burleſquing adverſaries, only ſpeak and write, in *darkneſs*.

"Theſe are difficulties which *we* (O reader! what apology can be adequate to the offence of again introducing this *filthy monyſyllable*, when I promiſed to kick it down ſtairs, as a diſgrace to all literary company?) cannot reconcile; for DOCTORS are allowed to differ by preſcription." What a *genius* has the reader got before him, in this paſſage! I ſhould ſuppoſe *he* is of *the peſtle* and *mortar* tribe, and got his deploma in phyſic, in conſequence of attending ſix or eight months at St. Thomas's hoſpital. Learned gentleman! How ſhall I appear before him?—But appear *I will*. So, Mr. Inaugurator! the APOTHECARIES of Newark are Doctors, and are to be PRESCRIBED as ſuch, by a *Critical Reviewer*, to the opinions and *ſtomachs* of mankind. Let it be ſo; but this prayer I have to put up to Heaven—that THE REVIEWER may be THEIR very firſt patient.

patient.—I know it is uncharitable to wiſh *ill*; but the ill began *at home*. The patient—*to be*—ſtyles the apothecaries of Newark—*Doctors*. I wiſh my genuine friends better: I cannot wiſh my *greateſt* enemies—WORSE.

This Mr. *Plural-number* is to be told, that he, as well as Mr. Harriſon, has injured the apothecaries, inſtead of *ſerving* them, by their jejune, boyiſh attempts, to injure me.* If the apothecaries are unable to defend themſelves, which they certainly are, every other endeavour, in place of defending, muſt expoſe them.—*Truth* always has a *tongue* and a *pen*, at command, and cannot be ſilenced: if theſe men

 are

* Notwithſtanding the *Critical Reviewers* have not given *one* quotation from my Caſes in Medicine, a publication, ſympathetically entwined, I am bold to ſay, with the truth of things, and the indiſpenſible integrity of character; yet they have allotted innumerable pages to one of the moſt uneſſential ſubjects, regarding human virtue and happineſs, that ever called upon the public eye or ear.—What has the authenticity of Rowley's poems to do with *manners* or *morals?* If *theſe* totally unintereſted in ſuch a diſpute, which they certainly are, as influencing the generality of mankind, what a *waſte* of time, genius, learning, and inveſtigation, have the Dean of Exeter, Mr. Bryant, and Mr. Wharton, to be reſponſible for! I will ſpeak my mind.

Theſe gentlemen, with ſuperior advantages, derived from

are ſilent, in ſelf-defence; it is a proof Truth is not on their ſide. Every effort, therefore, to make up for the *want of truth*, muſt fall on the point of its own danger. So it cannot but fare with our preſent *catalogue-writer*; who *uſes* his pen, it is granted; but for what?—only to blot paper cruelly againſt himſelf, and *his beloved brethren*, the APOTHECARIES.

It is a circumſtance providentially in my favour, that the cauſe I eſpouſe, and will only relinquiſh with life, gains ſtrength and illuſtration, the more it is attacked: like the ſand-bank,

from Nature, and the College, inſtead of writing about it and about it, regarding ſuch non-ſignificant characters, in the paths of religious and ethic refinement, as Rowley and Chatterton, would have been much more *uſefully* employed, at the tail of a plow, or digging up potatoes. We can live without the equivocal and diſputable effuſions of theſe two *dead men:* but we cannot live, even breathing the air of Oxford or Cambridge, without the *fruits of the earth.*

Modern times, unfortunately, have to *boaſt* of leſs virtue, than learning; and leſs religion, than criticiſm.—In particular, as a Chriſtian philoſopher, a diſintereſted reader and interpreter of the BIBLE, I would aſk the Dean of Exeter, who lies under the preſſure of ſo many oaths and ſubſcriptions, as a ſervant of *God*, what he had to do with a Rowley, or a Chatterton?—His and every cleric's principal buſineſs ſhould be, "TO VISIT THE FATHERLESS AND WIDOWS, IN THEIR AFFLICTION; AND KEEP THEMSELVES UNSPOTTED FROM THE WORLD."

bank, which grows more ſolid and compact, from the daſhings of the ſurge: or like the foreſt oak, in the majeſty of pride and ſtatelineſs, which only bends to the winds, to faſten its wide-ſpreading roots the more, and deepen them in the ſolid ground.

The *Critical Reviewers*, at the commencement of their undertaking, in oppoſition to the *Monthly*, and in order to ſhare the loaves and fiſhes of the periodical quill, ſet off with humility and fair promiſes, as all men do who have deſigns on the world. Now—they are become ſaucy, petulant, and magiſterial, upon their deſigns being accompliſhed. But if every writer would defend himſelf with ſpirit and dignity; ſmite theſe literary hirelings with the fiſt of juſt retaliation, as often as they dare to take injurious liberties with them: the ſnail would ſoon retire into its ſhell, and the graſshopper no longer chirp. They ſhould ſoon be brought on the knee of humility once more, at the footſtool of the public; and thus the truth and chaſtity of Criticiſm be preſerved inviolate.

A writer who has the unabaſhed aſſurance to tell the world, that he will not even ſtop to enquire, whether he is *right* or *wrong*, in the performance

formance of his duty, and the fulfilment of his promiſes to that world, ſhould have no mercy ſhown him.—From me he ſhall have none, as often as he may fall under obſervation, from the rudeneſs and inſolence of his pen: and though the ſtroke of merited chaſtiſement may not come with the nice regularity of lunar provocation; yet *one*, properly timed and aimed, they may have reaſon to dread, will fall heavier, than DOZENS from a *Critical Reviewer's* palſied hand.

There are times, when pride, warmth, and even a retaliative vehemence of ſpeech and writing, become a man: otherwiſe he might be trampled upon, by every *two-legged* mule and aſs in the kingdom.—But the galled jades ſhall be made to wince, inſtead of uſing their dirty heels.—Come to my aid, gentle Verſe!

" Within themſelves let men in darkneſs live,
Who can themſelves when'er they liſt forgive;
But why, as if light ſtunn'd us to exceſs,
In darkneſs wilfully involve the preſs?
Alas! ſmall merit in the proceſs lies,
To *keep* us ignorant, not *make* us wiſe!
Our's ſmaller merit ſtill, grave and ſedate,
To hear each doating ſage hallucinate;
O'er Authors ſerious pore (reſtrain'd the laugh)
Whoſe fame is *rags*, and merit that of *calf:*
While our firſt ſons of Genius, heav'nly born,

Who

Who conſecrate our ſhelves while they adorn;
Writers whoſe works in diamond's blaze ſhould live,
As they like Gods ſtill life and freedom give;
Touch our beſt feelings while they paint their own,
To moths the imps of mouldineſs are thrown."

The Critical Reviewer for Auguſt, 1782, talks of a profeſſional man's *age*, to aſcertain his opinions or doctrines. But this ſhould ſeem one of the peculiarities of lunary lucubration.—If age is to inſpire men with wiſdom, every aged man *muſt*, of courſe, be wiſe. Is it ſo? Never, unleſs he has been ſo in his adoleſcent and adult ſtate. A ſapient youth will be a ſapient man: a ſapient man, even when the hoar of threeſcore and ten may have ſilvered over his locks, will ſtill continue *wiſe*. *Folly* has the ſame analogical affinity to itſelf, through ſimilar progreſſive ſtages of life.

If a writer has not made up his mind, whatever may have been the object of enquiry or inveſtigation; has not wound up the clew of his thoughts, principles, and feelings, at the meridian of life; he can no more do it *afterward*, than the ſun, after having paſſed the zenith, return to it again, WITHOUT SETTING.—Whatever is to be done in ſcience, arts, manners, morals, philoſophy, or religion, muſt be done

done when REASON is in its prime: neither over-heated by the calenture of youth, nor rendered torpid by the cold imbecility of age.—But conſiſtence, correct conception, juſt reaſoning, and legitimate concluſions, are not among the paroxyſms, that come and go with the *phaſes* of the moon.

What adds to the diſcredit and diſhonour of theſe men (they would be called critics and literary men) is their vile daubings of flattery on certain deſcript perſons, when they commence authors. I mean among others, *the bench of biſhops*; a claſs of men who, truth and long obſervation embolden me to ſay, do leſs *good*, tho' they SHOULD do infinitely more, as they fatten on the ſpoils of the people, for this purpoſe, beyond any claſs ſo well paid in the kingdom. If their Right Reverences, as authors, are found fault with, it is with the lighteſt touch of the fineſt needle of criticiſm. The reaſon is obvious. Biſhops are at the head of the *eſtabliſhed clergy*; who ſtick as faſt to them, whether right or wrong, as the natural head to the ſhoulders. Did the Reviewers hold the *cenſorial rod* over their lordſhips, as over COMMON MEN, the whole reverend body would deem it as falling upon *themſelves*.—Thus theſe men, "wiſe in

their

their generation—*wiſer* than the children of light;" out of 20,000 clergymen, might loſe 5,000 cuſtomers every month.—To have done,

The Critical Reviewer, not reſtrained—with the kick of an aſs from aſſailing a lion—was either *afraid* or *aſhamed* to give quotations from my work: afraid to offend the apothecaries, by ſuch quotations throwing them into abaſhment and confuſion; and aſhamed, at the conſcious certainty, that the criticiſms could not look the quotations in *the face*.—The amiable Chillingworth has made the following juſt remark: "it is a ſure proof reaſon is againſt a man, when a man is againſt reaſon." I may likewiſe ſay, with ſtrict propriety, that "it is a ſure proof quotations are againſt a critic, when a critic is againſt quotations." Had not every quotation he could have produced, from my Caſes in Medicine, ſtruck the *catalogue-writer* with the idea of doing Dr. Stevenſon HONOUR; he would have drawn them out into one of the largeſt articles in the front of the *Critical Review*.—Milton's Satan ſays (the Critical Reviewer's *Preſs-devil*)

"Better to reign in hell, than ſerve in Heav'n."

But I, not fond of the Devil, or indeed any of his works, would reverſingly ſay,

"Better to ſerve in Heav'n, than reign in hell."

THE END.

ERRATA.

THE reader will kindly excuſe the awkward ſituation of the *Appendix*, owing to the ſpur of an unexpected neceſſity, at an awkward time, the moment *intended* of publiſhing this work. He will, likewiſe, among others, unavoidable by *haſte*, puſhed on by *occaſion*, accept the following corrections of typographical errors:

Page 15, line 16, a comma after *ages*.—Page 20, line 16, for *burning glaſs*, read *burning glaſſes*.—Page 50, line 12, a comma after *conſtitution*, and after *in*, in the ſame line, read *the*.—Page 60, line 2, for *proprietors of the room-houſe*; *landlords*, read, *proprietors of the rooms*; *houſe-landlords*.—Page 71, line 18, for *guaiac*, read *guaic*. — Throw out the laſt *a*, wherever the word *guaiacum* occurs. — Page 100, line 4, after *to*, read *near*.—Ibid, line 5, for *fifteenth*, read *ſixteenth*.—Page 114, line 21, for 75, read *ſeventy-ſeven*.—APPENDIX, note, page 141, line 9, a comma after *ſenate*.—Page 142, note, line 1, a comma after *reader*.—Ibid, line 4, before *in*, read *or*.—Ibid, line 7, a ſemicolon after *now living*.—Ibid, line 8, for *of God, on the troubled*, read *of God on their troubled*.—Ibid, line 9, for *wrote*, read *write*.—Page 144, poetry, line 3, for *ethics heights*, read *ethic-heights*.—Page 150, line 8, for *will*, read *ſhall*.